

# Willie Republican

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**OTHER.**

My man's shoulder, a its troubles and care; will come when we're

our lives uninvited, parts of their treasure of

Lovers' aid, and friendships are alighted Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing. Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share,

Week is the back on which burdens are pressed. But secret is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter Just when we mourn there are none to be friend;

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter, And somehow or other we get to the end.

**My Letter of Introduction.**

"I'm sorry I can't go up to London with you," said Mr. Bridgeworth, who had just crossed the Channel with me, as we stood chatting at the Dover railway station, whither he had come to see me off.

Our brief acquaintance, struck up the night before on the Calais packet, had been rendered so agreeable by Mr. Bridgeworth's affability, that I was more than half prepared, if not to dispute the dogma that gruffness is the predominant feature of English manners, at least to admit that it is a rule not without exception.

"It would afford me pleasure," he added, "to act the part of a guide, philosopher and friend, on your first visit to the great metropolis; but since that cannot be—business before pleasure, you know—I've written a letter to a chum of mine in town, which you will do well to present as soon as possible, for he's a connoisseur in city life, and will see you suitably bestowed."

I thanked my new friend for his kindness, put his letter in my pocket, and bidding him many warm adieux, hurried, at the call of the guard, to take my place aboard the train.

I was followed up the step by a thick-set and rather coarse-featured man, who, besides myself, was the sole occupant of the compartment. The door was locked, the bell rang, and the train set in motion.

The stout gentleman busied himself, for a time, with his newspaper, and then threw it down with a grunt. The next half hour he looked out of the window, his face betokening anything but pleasure at the prospect, the charms of which were not heightened by the effect of a dull autumn drizzle.

Turning about, with another grunt, his deep-set, gray eyes glanced me over keenly.

"Do you know the gentleman you were talking with just before the train started?" he asked, in a quick sharp voice.

"I do," I answered—mentally adding, "Inquisitiveness, I see, isn't exclusively a Yankee trait."

"Seems to me I've seen him before—what might his name be?" was the next question.

"Bridgeworth."

"And your own?"

"Hanley."

I was more amused than annoyed at this cross-examination.

"How long have you known Mr. Bridgeworth?" continued my inquisitor.

"Since we got on the Calais boat together last evening," I replied.

"Humph!"

I thought it was now my turn.

"Do you reside in London?"

"Yes."

"May I inquire your name?"

"MacGrumlie."

"Scotch extraction, I presume?"

"Can't say—never saw the family tree."

"Nor need you wish to, if it's known by its fruit," was the retort I had on the tip of my tongue, but I left it there.

"By the way," I said, after a pause, "Mr. Bridgeworth was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his; perhaps, on our arrival, you can direct me to the place mentioned in the address."

"What is it?"

I showed him the superscription. With another of his "humphs!" he handed the letter back.

"Do you want to go there at once?"

"I might as well," I said; "I have no acquaintances in London, and Mr. Bridgeworth has assured me of his friend's kindly offices."

"I'll show you the way," Mr. MacGrumlie was kind enough to say. "It's on my road home. You can leave your luggage at the station, and we'll take a cab together."

This agreed to, the conversation flagged, in spite of all efforts on my part to revive it. I couldn't help contrasting the hours so lately enlivened by Bridgeworth's wit and gaiety, with those whose tedious had nothing to relieve it save MacGrumlie's ever-recurring soliloquies of "humphs!" and grunts.

It was dark when we reached the city. My companion hailed a cab, gave the driver the direction, and jumping in by my side, we were soon rattling down a shabby, ill-lighted street.

"Here you are!" said MacGrumlie, as we checked in front of a sombre-looking building.

Few words were spent in leave-taking. I got out, paid my share of the fare, and having, with difficulty dis-

tinguished the number on the door, I rang the bell, while the cab turned the next corner.

Several minutes elapsed, and I was on the point of giving the knob another pull, when I heard steps inside. The door opened, and a not very prepossessing male servant greeted me:

"What do you want?"

"I have a letter for Mr. Fitz Quagga," I said; "is he in?"

"Ghome it, an' I'll see," said the lackey, snatching rather than receiving the letter from my hand.

Without inviting me to enter, he slammed the door in my face, and I heard a heavy tramp retreating.

After another delay, and a sound of lighter footsteps, the door was again opened, and a youngish-looking man, in a garb, as revealed by the imperfect light, which appeared more flimsy than genteel, stood before me.

"Sorry to've kept you waiting, Mr. Hanley," he said, seizing my hand cordially. "Have read Bridge's letter—capital fellow, Bridg. Any friend of his always welcome. Just going to dine with a few friends. Must join us. Good way to introduce you. Come, Dick,"—turning to his surly servant—"run ahead and tell them to put another name in the pot."

Cutting short my acknowledgments, Mr. Fitz Quagga took my arm, and we sauntered leisurely along. As we turned a corner to go down a street less inviting, if anything, than the one we had left, I caught a glimpse, I fancied, of a form, on the opposite side of the street, much resembling the burly figure of MacGrumlie.

We stopped at length before a door at which my companion knocked peculiarly. We were at once admitted, and Mr. Fitz Quagga led the way to a room lighted by a dim lamp, where, half invisible in an atmosphere of smoke, sat three of his familiar spirits, each with a pipe in his mouth.

"I say, Dick," said Fitz Quagga—the ceremony of introduction over—"fill us up the glasses while we're waiting for the solids."

Soon each man had a tumbler of punch before him.

"Here's to our better acquaintance—no healtips, mind!" called out the hilarious Fitz Quagga, rising and draining his jorum in honor of the sentiment.

Out of sheer politeness I swallowed the abominable stuff, though the taste half sickened me. In a few seconds my head began to whirl. Fitz Quagga and his friends seemed to be spinning round the room. The clouds of smoke thickened. My temples throbbled. A dull heaviness settled on my brain, and at last, came unconsciousness.

How long it was before my faculties returned I know not; but when they did, my companions had disappeared. I felt for my watch to note the time. It was gone, and my pocketbook and money with it. The truth flashed upon me.

"Drugged and robbed!" I exclaimed.

"You've hit it exactly," answered a voice which I had heard before; and turning about, my eyes fell on the impressive face of the gruff MacGrumlie.

"Never mind," he continued, "your property and the robbers are both safe at the station-house. The fellow you parted with this morning is a noted thief, whose face having grown too familiar in London, he has been plying his trade on the continent of late. Ascertaining, probably, that you had a large sum of money about you, he came across the channel in your company, but finding no safe chance to pick your pocket by the way, and not daring to follow you further, he commended you to the kind offices of his city friends, trusting to their honor to remit him his share of the spoil."

"As an old detective, I had little difficulty in fathoming his scheme, as soon as I learned he had given you a letter. So I kept a close watch on your movements from the moment you left the cab, which I dismissed immediately after. Then waiting till things had gone far enough to insure the rogues a good term of penal servitude, I summoned assistance and pointed upon them before they could make off with their plunder."

**A Cold Weather Story.**

"Talking about cold weather," suddenly said one of our oldest inhabitants the other evening, "why you ought to have been out in Minnesota, in '36. I don't s'pose fourteen thermometers spliced together would have given the mercury room to drop as low as it wanted to go. One awful cold night—colder than two of our coldest nights consolidated—a hunter named Hosking built an extra big fire in his shanty to keep him warm and he kept a plin' on more wood until his shanty was all ablaze, and when a few persons living around there saw the light and ran to his assistance they saw Hosking setting in the middle of the flames a shiverin' and rubbin' his hands as though he couldn't get warm; and when the shanty was all burned to ashes they found him in the ruins a settin' on a hickory log frozen to death." How the persons who went to Hosking's assistance managed to escape freezing to death, is what excited the wonderment of the oldest inhabitant's listeners.

The vacant mind and uncultured imagination are real evils, and as really to be met, as cold and hunger; and he who can give his mate to the one is as bound to offer it as he who can help the other.

**Insulting the Commonwealth.**

Many years a resident of rural districts, I am convinced there are so called domestic farm animals that, though not given to the devouring propensities of tigers, are, to a certain extent, almost as untamable. Such was the character of a beast known as "The Old Red Cow," once owned in Clarion county, Pennsylvania, in a settlement where I lived. The animal was unequalled for her calves, all proving of great size and admirable proportions, or the vicious mother would long previously have been fatted and slain. But it would never do to kill "Old Red," so long as she produced such wonderful progeny. She had been traded around to a dozen or so farmers, each of whom soon tired of her hooking and fence breaking propensities, and at last she became the subject of a law suit. "Old Red" had been warranted sound, and a new purchaser discovered or fancied he did, that she had the disease known in the country as the "hollow horn."

But how to learn if such was really the case was the future trouble. No one had ever handled her about the head, everybody being wisely fearful of those long, sharp horns. But old Jack Coleman, the "squire" of the neighborhood, with not a particle of fear in his nature, and ever boasting of his skill in the treatment of animals, resolved on deciding as to the matter of soundness or unsoundness, at the time the trial was held before him. He determined to examine the cow himself, in order to understand all the merits of the case. Now, Jack was a magistrate holding himself in vast esteem, and his official position he regarded as of equal dignity almost with that of the Governor. The time selected for the trial was a sultry August afternoon, and the Court's desk and arm-chair were carried out into the yard, near the house. When ready for business, a crowd of spectators being present, the "Squire" ordered the vicious animal to be driven into the house yard—she was then in what was known as the bull pen. Soon the yard gate was opened, and out came "Old Red," a rope being around her horns, held by three men. The "Squire" boldly approached her, and was about to place his hand upon her head, when she gave a sudden lurch, broke away from the man holding the rope, caught him floundering on her horns, and threw him proflably twenty feet. Was there ever such an outrage? Quickly he rose to his feet, his nose and face scratched and bleeding, and the seat of his pantaloons entirely demoralized. Before I could have written the words, he was in his house and caught up his trusty rifle. Hurrying after "Old Red," he drew a bead on her and down his antagonist fell. Soon he stood in the midst of his court audience, breathing quick and short, but with a satisfied air, and exclaimed: "I'll be darned if I'd a mind of it much, as a private citizen, being slung by the infernal old brute, but I'll be hanged if man or beast shall insult the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in that way while I'm on the bench." The "Squire" paid for the cow, but whether "Pennsylvania" reimbursed him or not, for resenting an insult so gross, I am unable to inform you.

**Two Years on Horseback.**

Henry Tudor started from New York on the 12th with the avowed intention of riding on horseback all the way from New York city to Punta Arenas, the most southern point of Patagonia, South America. He takes with him as attendant a young man who will no doubt help him to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, he being an accomplished singer and dance genius. A reporter called on Mr. Tudor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to learn the object of that gentleman's intended long journey. He said that he was impressed for some time with the idea that by going through the several republics of Central and South America and ascertaining what articles of American manufacture could be introduced with profit at the present time, the English and German manufacturers hold all the business with these countries, and their revenues are enormously increased by reason of the enormous importations of tropical merchandise. "There is no reason whatever," said Mr. Tudor, "why the United States could not compete successfully for the commerce of the South American continent, because the South American the same articles cheaper and would have less distance to carry them to market. She is now manufacturing more goods than she can dispose of, and consequently, you can buy many things for a less price in a London store than you would have to pay in New York." He is going to visit every town of importance along the route. The two travelers were plentifully supplied with everything that would tend to make them comfortable. On Col. Tudor's horse was strapped a large tent, a poncho, a buffalo robe and a pair of immense saddle-bags, while in his belt he carried a pair of large calibre Colt's revolvers, which are intended for the warm reception of "Los senores del camino," should any be so unwise as to interview the travelers on the mountains. His companion was equally well provided with fire-arms; in fact the two had enough weapons to supply almost a brigade. The route that Mr. Tudor intends to follow is as follows: Last night they were to have gone as far Newark; from there they will move toward Philadelphia; from Phil-

adelphia to Washington via Baltimore, to Richmond; thence to Mobile, to Brownsville, San Luis Potosi, City of Mexico. Here they will deliberate as to the next move, and will be guided altogether by the state of the roads. Anyhow, an effort will be made to reach Guatemala by traveling along the Pacific coast as near as possible. They do not expect to have much trouble in finding their way, as it is proposed to hire guides at convenient distances. When they arrive in Patagonia Mr. Tudor intends looking up the ostrich and guanaco interests and believes that a large amount of money can be made by the exportation of these articles. At present the ostrich which is a very fine kind of wool, is very hard to save, and when it reaches the Northern market it is generally very much damaged. Mr. Tudor will examine into the cause of such injury and try to prevent it. It is expected that the journey to Punta Arenas will occupy two years.

**How a Trout Takes a Fly.**

Almost any trout fisherman knows that the habits of the trout vary almost as much as do the habits of those who fish for them, and this, too, in waters not remotely distant from each other, so that what Mr. Prime says may be true in regard to the localities in which he has fished. I know that they sometimes strike a fly with their tail before taking it in their mouth, as I have seen them do it in three several localities, but I do not believe it is their general custom. In 1876, while fishing for trout in Lake Ely, in the Adirondacks, I saw this time some several times, and as it was the first time I had ever seen it, I watched it with a good deal of interest. The water was very clear and I cast from thirty to forty feet, so that I could see all their movements distinctly. I had taken several trout of one-half-pound weight which first struck with their tail, and made another cast, when a large fellow rose and struck the tail-fly, a red fly, with his tail; I struck hard at the same time, and hooked him firmly through the roots of the tail, when he immediately had business at the bottom of the Lake, and with his first rush took nearly fifty feet of line before I could snub him. How that reel did whizz! Then followed a series of rushes and plunges that makes my blood tingle to think of. He leaped into the air again and again, trying to shake himself loose, but he was firmly hooked, and that hook evidently spurred him to put forth his best efforts continually, for he kept me busy for nearly half an hour, and still seemed as fresh as ever, when I determined to see which was the stronger, his tail or my tackle, and began reeling it. The reel, an eight-ounce one, bent and quivered from tip to reel, and the line would occasionally twang like a bowstring as he jerked it taut in some of his fierce plunges; but reel, line and tail all held, and as I landed him on my mat—a plump beauty weighing a trifle over two pounds—my shout of triumph awoke the echoes in the old woods for miles around. I do not wish to be understood that all the trout in this lake struck with their tails first, but I saw it done several times. I also saw it done several times about ten miles above Albany bridge, where Perrine's creek empties into the Oswegatchie river, and also saw him do the same thing, while fishing for trout just below the dam at Cranberry Lake, but have never witnessed it in any of the other lakes or streams in that vicinity. What I have seen convinces me that trout do sometimes take a fly in this way, but not generally.

**Beauty Preserving Tea.**

The cup that cheers but not inebriates is threatened with a rival possessing properties which must render it first favorite among the fair sex. The produce of the flex "Paraguensis," Mate, or Paraguay tea, has often been suggested as a substitute for the more orthodox infusion of the leaves of the "Thea," or tea plant, but this would stand no chance in competition with the new candidate for public favor. Paris, is said, has just awoke to the virtues of a new kind of tea, called "Serkys tea," which has the virtue of preserving the brilliancy and beauty of early youth up to the ripest age; it is composed "of exquisitely refreshing and balsamic plants"—the leaves of the plant are probably intended—"growing on the foot of the mountains of Mecca and Libanus." The beverage in question claims an antiquity greater than that of the modern tea whose name it borrows. It is said to have been discovered in the time of Osman I., who introduced it to the ladies of seraglio, and has ever since remained the favorite beverage of the Sultanas. In outward application its effects are as marvelous as when taken internally, and the leaves stewed down after infusion, if thrown into the bath, will contribute to preserve the freshness of the complexion in a manner which Madame Rachael's preparations could never equal. Serkys, whatever it may be, will no doubt become the rage in Paris, where its virtues are, we are told, devoutly believed in. There is only one little difficulty in the matter, and that is that the wonderful properties of the drink should ever have been forgotten when once known, as Serkys is said to have been familiar to the ladies of the French court. "In France it was known during the reign of Louis XIV., and perhaps it was owing to this prejudice that all the women of that period were young and beautiful!"

**Some Early Globes.**

The Vulfian and Rouen globes are interesting. The latter is remarkable for having engraved upon it a legend respecting the voyages to Greenland and Labrador of a Polish adventurer in 1746, which has been disputed. The last globe mentioned was that of a mathematician, dating from 1551, which is to be found in the old city of Nuremberg. The Lenox globe was picked up by the late Richard M. Hunt, in an old bric-a-brac shop in Paris about twenty-five years ago, brought by him to New York, and incorporated with his large collection of curious articles. Mr. Hunt valued the globe highly, and finally presented it to the Lenox library, in the collection of which it still remains. Its value is probably not less than from \$5,000 to \$7,000. The ancient relic is constructed in two hemispherical sections, joined at the equator, and dates, Mr. De Costa thinks, from 1510 or 1511, being the oldest post-Columbian globe extant, and very important as showing the exact state of geographical science at the end of the first decade of the sixteenth century. The whole continent of America north of Yucatan is expunged, or rather represented as open sea, dotted with the Island of Newfoundland. South America, then styled the Land of the Brazils, is pretty correctly delineated. The name of America nowhere appears, and yet as early as 1507, it had already been proposed to name this continent after Amerigo Vesputi. It may be noted as a curious fact that the great African lakes, as since demonstrated by Livingstone and Stanley, are correctly delineated three centuries and a half in advance of the reports of those travelers. But so famous a book as the Geography of Ptolemy, published in 1512, was evidently unknown to this ancient globe-maker, and therefore his work antedates that year; nor was he aware of the existence of the Bay of Yucatan, discovered in 1518. The extremely correct delineation of the coast of South America represented on this ancient relic, almost 150 years in advance of the discovery of Cape Horn by an expedition from Holland in 1646, Mr. De Costa explains by reference to the statements of Portuguese navigators who had already skirted the coast as far south as latitude 50 degrees in 1503, by data gathered from the statements of natives, and by happy conjecture. The outline of Terra del Fuego is nearly correct. Turning to the islands of the Pacific, an ocean which was not supposed to exist at the opening of the sixteenth century, Mr. De Costa finds that this globe-maker was able to correct some of the errors of Marco Polo, and to verify the existence of Australia. Although he considerably misplaces that continent and gives it no name he evidently rejects the Java major and Java minor fiction of Polo. Now, the correct position of Australia was verified in the latter part of 1511, therefore this globe was a little previous to the latter portion of that year. But there are other data tending to fix the age of this remarkable find, such as the peculiar configuration of the land, the style of the lettering, and, above all, the aspect of the marine monsters represented. On the south coast of Africa lies a marine monster whose jaws extend sixty nautical miles. Cuba, represented in 1508 as a part of the Asiatic coast (an East Indian projection) is here correctly delineated as an island, but is placed near the Asiatic shore.

**Sylvester Scott, the Bear Hunter.**

Mr. Scott is the most successful bear hunter in California, and his fame has gone forth far beyond the State of his adoption. A hunt with Scott on the trail of bruin is an event of interest in the life of the most experienced sportsman. Mr. Scott is a farmer and stock-raiser, and quite a character in his way. He is an old settler in Sonoma, having raised a family on a ranch in the mountains. Although about 40 years of age, he has done his share in reclaiming and populating the wilderness. He and two of his neighbors have built a school-house for their district and furnished its census roll, which comprises thirty-nine children, Scott's contribution as fourteen. He and his boys, by their own labors, have fenced his ranch, comprising in one tract 4,000 acres. During the idle winter months Scott always indulges his passion for bear hunting. He has a pack of twenty-five trained hounds, and when he starts on the trail he scours the mountains for miles about his stock, until not a trace of the presence of a live bear can be found. A campaign frequently lasts for a month, seldom less than ten days, or a fortnight, and rarely results in the killing of less than a dozen bears. Scott is a most remarkable pedestrian. Put O'Leary or Weston beside him on the trail of a bear in the hills and he will walk their legs off, and break every bone in their bodies in a day. He always goes on foot, keeps up with the hounds, and is on hand to close with bruin as soon as the dogs bay him. How he gets over the ground so fast is a mystery, and how he slides down rocky and precipitous descents, as he does every day when on the trail, without ever being injured, is a wonder to his companions. A couple of English tourists accompanied him on his last hunt. On their return they were loud in their admiration and wonder, one of them declaring that in following a sportsman's bent around the world he had never met such another hunter, nor experienced such exciting sport elsewhere.

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT.**

Society could not long subsist if men were not the dupes of one another.

Temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Spiritual hungerings and thirstings are satisfied only with spiritual things.

It is beautifully said that the veil of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

Our glorious aspirations, which give us life, grow torpid in the din of daily bustle.

Few men have a life plan, although many a week, year, youth or business plan.

Anything we can love and reverence becomes, as it were, the Sabbath for the mind.

The love of justice in man is nothing but the fear of suffering from injustice.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Limit your expenses to necessity and comfort, leaving a good margin for "balance saved."

Interested benefits are so common that we need not be astonished if gratitude be rare.

He that has more knowledge than judgment is made for another man's use rather than his own.

Discontent is a vital element of civilization; without it there would be no progress.

A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

"Better is a dry morsel of quietness therewith" than long list of subscribers who cheateth the printer.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," is a proverb sadly realized by the publisher who sendeth out bills.

Charity, taken in its largest extent, is nothing else but the sincere love of God and our neighbor.

Death is more desirable than a wicked life. And not to be born is better than to lead a disgraceful life.

People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those which they affect to have.

The indiscriminate defence of right and wrong contracts the understanding, while it hardens the heart.

Good consuls observed are chains to grace which, neglected, prove halters to strangle ungodly children.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

Our repentance is not so much a fear of the evil we have done as a fear of what may be the consequences.

Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.



SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

## A BILL.

To be entitled an act to change the boundary line between the counties of Etowah and Calhoun.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Alabama, That the boundary line between the counties of Etowah and Calhoun, shall run as follows, to-wit:

Commencing where the Northwest corner of Section 9, Township 13, of Range 7, intersects the present boundary line between said counties, and run East to the Northeast corner of said Section, where it intersects the present boundary line.

A chance for remunerative employment. The Germania Tanning Company advertises in this day's paper for tanners of Chestnut Oak, White Oak or Spanish Oak bark delivered at their yard at Germania, or at any point on the right of way of the S. R. & D. R. R. There are thousands of cords of bark that may be had in the country and which the owners of the lands should turn to account at this season when the cotton crop is sold, money scarce and few sources immediate revenue at hand. All along the line of the Ala. Great Southern and the S. & N. Ala. Railroads thousands of cords of bark are shipped to tanneries at Chattanooga and the amount of revenue from this source is very considerable and profitable to those employed in the business which has assumed large proportions with lines of these roads.

Our citizens who have timbered lands should wake up to the importance of developing this industry.

## SENATOR MORGAN OF ALA.

It will be well worth while to watch Senator Morgan's career in the Senate. Small in stature, with a handsome, clear-cut face, he came here unheralded in the world of fame, and for a long time past winter sat quietly in his seat, no one taking any notice of him until one day he arose to a question wherein some legal points were involved. In an instant Conkling was upon his feet, and in his sneering, sarcastic manner alluded to Senator Morgan being very new to the Senate, and not knowing his ways, and not being expected to do anything as a general principle; but Conkling had never tackled Senator Morgan since, for before he got through with him that day his own political allies were laughing at the manner in which Morgan had upset his every argument, and routed him on every legal point, in dispute. And now when Senator Morgan is in his seat to speak every voice is hushed and Senators draw their seats up around him with the same regularity with which they rush for the cloak room when Burnside, Hor or Davis begin. There is no better way to form an estimate of a Senator's ability than to watch the manner in which he associates with him when he speaks. The speeches that tell in the Senate, and in the House, too, for that matter, are not such as were in the olden time to make the reputations of men for eloquence, and have been perpetuated in every schoolboy's "Standard Speaker." The man who carries weight with these people are the men who have the facts and figures ready at hand, and who can state them shortly and pointedly.

A letter has been addressed to the Montgomery Advertiser by Mr. James J. M. Smith, of Barnett Texas, asking information concerning the heirs of a Mr. A. B. Brown who is supposed to have once resided in Randolph or Chambers counties in this State. Mr. Smith states that there is a large estate, principally in lands, in Florida, belonging to the heirs of the late Mr. Brown; and it is desired that all the heirs make themselves known. One or more of the heirs may have formerly resided in Barbours county. It is suggested that a Mr. James Gay, who is believed to reside in Randolph county, may be able to give some information in this matter. Mr. Smith states that a missing child of Mr. Brown is the principal party whose whereabouts is desirable to be ascertained, as this child will be entitled to the major portion of the estate left by the deceased. A request is made that the exchanges of the Advertiser be kind enough to copy the above, or make such reference as they may see proper to the subject. Mr. Brown was a Confederate soldier, and his family became scattered during the war which accounts for the request.—Montgomery Advertiser.

## WANTED! WARMER.

A good story is told of Rev. Hadley Proctor, who once preached in Rutland, Vermont. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, Brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse, addressed to those "on the left hand," and, like the rest of us, he seemed to feel the antagonism between the weather and his subject. Just before the benediction he leaned forward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit, and in the usual way that can only be appreciated by those who have listened to the venerable Eli Jones, "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed up this afternoon; its of no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the dangers of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

A correspondent, writing from Rome, says: "American women are acknowledged to be, even here the most beautiful and the best dressed women in the world, just as American men are beginning to be known as the most polite in the world. I heard an English lady say the other day, 'An American is an English gentleman perfect ed.'"

## SHE STUCK ON HIS BUTTONS.

Old Blummer is t'g-t-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine, and put new buttons on it, 'cause I am going to a card party to night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. B., "I haven't any buttons to match the vest, and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George, I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began araving himself for the card party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optic of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt button, and that the next one was a brass, army over-coat button with the letters U. S. gleaming upon it and that number three, was an oxidized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and then the puzzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a piker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandeliers jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there went any button money grudging in that household hereafter.

The somewhat startling feat of tickling a man to death, was very nearly accomplished in Maryland the other evening, by the man's wife and a couple of young ladies. In attempting to get some money out of his vest pocket, they tickled him till he became unconscious. It is not often that a man laughs himself into such a state when his wife makes a demonstration on his pocket, and this case will no doubt serve as a very much needed warning to all wives. If so, this humble citizen will not have suffered in vain.

The most outrageously absurd sensational story, of all for which Washington gossip is famous, is the one to the effect that, during the secession movement, Geo. D. Prentiss was offered \$25,000 to write a secession editorial for his paper, the Louisville Journal, and that he was afterwards offered \$500,000 by Gen. Beauregard to remain neutral. We would like to know who on earth is big enough fool to believe that the secession leaders valued the influence of any newspaper so enormously high.

Some persons in St. Louis sent a letter of sympathy to Queen Victoria on the death of her daughter Alice. A reply has been received "upon a broad, double sheet of light buff, with the British coat of arms stamped at the top and a heavy border of black." Home Secretary R. Ashton Cross acknowledges the letter, and says: "I have the satisfaction to inform you that Her Majesty was pleased to receive the same very graciously."

United States Judge Rivers, who has been outraging the State of Virginia by his high-handed assumption of authority will probably be impeached. He ought to be hung.

Thos. Buford murdered Judge J. M. Elliott, of the Court of Appeals at Frankfort, Ky., the other day, because he rendered an opinion adverse to the interest of Buford in a case before the court.

There is an oak tree, near Centerville, which is thirty two feet in circumference near the ground, is perfectly solid and maintains its size pretty well for about thirty feet.

The Choctaw News says: Five oxen, out of a team of six, were killed by lightning near Pennington's Mill, last Saturday.

The Selma, Rome & Dalton railroad company is building an iron bridge with rock pillars at Pleasant Gap, to cost \$18,900.

The editor of a Southern paper has named his four children—"Brever," "Long Primer," "Small Pica," and "Pica," after the names of different styles of type.

Queen Victoria, it is rumored, has expressed a strong wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

Mrs. Mary Goodale, of Connecticut aged 103 years, 9 months and eight days died on the 30th ult.

There was a \$15,000 fire in Chattanooga recently.

Andrew Johnson, Jr., son of ex-President Johnson, died the 13th ult.

Subscribe for the Republican.

## (Continued.)

WHY IS CONSUMPTION MORE COMMON IN THE NEGRO RACE THAN WHEN THEY WERE SLAVES?

On the same principal that "as civilization advances sick heads become more common." It is an excepted fact among medical men, and an important one that all should be cognizant of, that regular out-door exercise, regular habits in eating and sleeping, with a nutritious wholesome diet are to a great extent protection against the disease. Newly settled places are frequently exempt, for sometime, from its prevalence to much extent; but the explanation of this fact is, the pioneers who compose the early population in these places are persons, generally of sturdy, vigorous health, and the habits of life, in such a population, are protection against the disease. Defective ventilation deficiency of light and the depressing emotions undoubtedly contribute to the production of consumption. There is reason to believe that habits of diet unduly restricted as regards variety and quantity, either from choice or necessity, may contribute to the development of the disease. Some of the above ideas are taken from one who is an acknowledged authority on this subject.

Mr. Wm. Alexander, who lives in the neighborhood of Albion, Ala., met with quite a serious, as well as novel accident, one day last week. In blowing his nose, one of his eyes popped out of his head, and hung down on his cheek, which necessitated him to call in a physician, who soon placed the eye back in its natural position.—Luka Mirror.

John Smith, in a letter to the Greenville Advocate, says: Simon Linton, living a few miles from here, about three weeks ago had the earache, and upon the advice of some one caused a spoonful of kerosene oil to be poured into his ear. He lived nearly two days a raving maniac, and then there was a funeral.

## DEATH OF TWO CIRCUIT CLERKS.

During the past few days Ad. Caperton, Clerk of the Circuit Court, of Jackson county, and F. A. Province, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Marshall county, have died. This makes two vacant circuit clerkships in the Fifth Judicial Circuit—Judge Wyatt's circuit. The appointing power is vested in the Governor.

Poor, good hearted, genial Ad. Caperton. He was to himself the only enemy that he had in the world, and the grass should grow green on his grave, in token of his unflinching good humor.

Mr. Province, too was a justly popular man.—Huntsville Independent.

An Indian young woman has spoken to no one but her mother and two sisters in sixteen years. She is keeping a vow she made when a child, because her father whipped her.

The finest wheat in the world is grown in Barbary and Egypt, a fact which has always existed and always will, on account of climatic influences. The Scotch is the poorest.

Mrs. Nelly, Grant, Sartoris is living very quietly in England. She hopes next summer to persuade her father-in-law to bring his wife to this country to see her sister Fanny Kemble Butler, who lives in western Massachusetts.

The Collinsville Post says: Fears are entertained that the fruit has been seriously damaged by the recent freeze, but reports from some sections are to the effect that the prospects are still thought to be good for a full crop.

As left-handedness in children is not generally considered desirable, it is well to prevent it, if possible. It is a well-known fact that most children in arms are carried on the left arm of the mother or nurse, as the case may be. The consequence is that the right arm is fast against the nurse's shoulder, while the left hand is left free to grasp at anything that comes in the way. Let the nurse use the right arm at least half of the time and the mischief is obviated.

Now to the point in question. Before the war when all, or nearly all, our negroes were slaves they had those controlling them who guarded their health with a jealous eye, who laid down hygienic rules and forced them to obey, regulating their almost every habit. They were furnished with wholesome food, bountifully, and clothing to protect them while at work in the fields, or on the road. They had their cabins large enough for every want, and as the families increased the cabins were enlarged. Nearly all were subjected to out-door exercise, and it was regulated by the clock, as also were their habits of eating and sleeping.

How is it now? When they were freed they were their own masters, not versed in the laws of health they fell into habits conducive of sickness and death, they kept late hours, crowded into small ill-ventilated huts; fell into habits of intemperance in eating and drinking, and are so improvident as not to be

able to furnish themselves with suitable clothing: are exposed to cold and rain, and live on nick-nacks instead of bread, bacon, beef and beans, and more they fail to take their regular exercise in the open air.

This is your correspondent's opinion of the reason why consumption is more rife among the colored people than when slavery existed.

Of course it must not be understood that in the above the whole race is included, no we have here among us some who are doing well have good houses, plenty to eat and wear, and as result they have too, better health.

## SPRINGVALE STOCK FARM.

JAMES CROOK,

—BREEDER OF—

Thorough-bred Merino

Sheep, Angora Goats,

Herd, Registered

Jersey Cattle,

Berkshire and Essex

Hogs,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

## ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County,

Circuit Court, Spring Term, 1879.

Daniel D. Draper & Son,

vs.

John H. Silvey, defendant,

and

A. C. Jones, garnishee.

This day came the plaintiff by attorney, and it appearing to the court that this writ was commenced by attachment, and that the defendant is a resident of the State of Alabama, and that his particular place of residence is unknown, and that the attachment was levied by serving a writ of garnishment upon A. C. Jones as garnishee. And it further appearing from the answer of garnishee that John Silvey, and Marsh, Moore & Co., of Atlanta, Ga., claim some interest in the indebtedness of garnishee to the defendant. It is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in Calhoun county, Alabama, for four consecutive weeks, notifying said John H. Silvey of this attachment suit, and requiring him to appear at the next term of this court, to answer the complaint, and also the said John H. Silvey, Marsh, Moore & Co., to appear at the next term of this court, and prosecute their claim, if they have any to the indebtedness of said garnishee, and that this cause be continued. Wm. P. NOEL, Clerk Circuit Court.

April 5—4t.

## SHERIFF SALE.

By virtue of one writ issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, in favor of Thos. A. Walker, and against S. Fancher, W. H. Forney, John B. Caldwell, W. M. Haues, Peyton Rowan, G. B. Douthit, Samuel W. Crook and E. L. Woodward, I will sell before the court house door, in the town of Jacksonville in said county, within the legal hours of sale, to the highest bidder for cash, on the 1st day of MAY, 1879, the following described personal property to-wit: Two mules—one a mouse colored mare, the other a dark bay mare mule, as the property of said W. Crook. Also one piano, piano cover and stool, one wardrobe, two bedsteads, one sideboard, one small table, one writing desk, one small book case, one large looking glass, one center table, two trunks, one sewing machine, one iron, one rug, as the property of E. L. Woodward. Also one four horse wagon, two one horse hacks, as the property of G. B. Douthit. Also two black mare mules, one two horse wagon, one open buggy, one sorrel mare, as the property of J. H. Caldwell. All levied upon to satisfy said writ. D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff.

March 15—4t.

## THE ROPER MINERAL WELL.

IS LOCATED 3 MILES EAST OF GREENVILLE, ALABAMA.

For the information of persons desiring to use the Roper Well Water, I will state some of the cures it has effected: Dyspepsia in its worst form, chronic Rheumatism, Diabetes, any derangement of the Urinary Organs, Sick or Nervous Headache of long standing, Piles, Sores or Eruptions of the skin, Ulceration of the Vagina and Billous Colic. It is also one of the most refreshing Tonic in use. The following is analysis of the water made by Prof. W. C. Smith of A. M. College, of Alabama: The amount of water taken was one litre, which is a little more than one quart. The first quart was a quart, a five thousand six hundred and seven, Ten Thousandths of a Quart, (1,567 parts) being in mind the difference between the first and the second quart we can estimate the strength of the water.

One litre was found to contain: Sulphuric Acid 84 Grains. Ferrous Oxide 273 " Potash " 10-10 " Calcium " 21 " Magnesium " 43 " Sodium " 4-10 " Chlorine " 23 " Silica " 23 " Carbonic Acid 5-7-10 "

The Price of the Roper Mineral Well Water is \$1 per Gallon.

GREENVILLE, ALA., July 16 1878.—Messrs. Roper & McCall, Gentles—I am glad to inform you that the use of one gallon of your Mineral Water has cured my mother of Chronic Rheumatism. It was a case of eight years standing. The best medical aid had failed to arrest it. Very Respectfully, P. K. WEATHERLY.

SANITARY RIDGE, ALA., June 20 1878.—Messrs. Roper & McCall, Proprietors of Mineral Well Water—I have been afflicted with Tetters on the head which had covered it. I have spent much money in remedies and for prescriptions from one physician, but all without any good result. I heard of your well and concluded to try it—I did so, and the result was it cured me and my expectations. I used it for some weeks—am now fully and completely free from Tetters. I give you this certificate, when you can use as you see proper. J. D. GAFFORD.

GREENVILLE, ALA., July 16 1878.—Messrs. Roper & McCall, This is to certify that during the last six months I have been using the Roper Well Water for Diabetes and Dyspepsia, from which diseases I have been suffering for many years (particularly the latter) and am now proud to say from its use I have received the greatest benefits, and fully certify that it has been used in my family for chronic sore throat and catarrh to great advantage. J. W. MALLETT.

Direct all orders to ROPER & McCALL, Greenville, Alabama.

Feb 22—3t.

## STATE OF A

Calhoun County,

Probate Court for said

County, Term, Ma

This day came John B.

istra or of the estate of

her deceased, and filed his

account and vouchers for an

amount of his administration.

It is ordered that the 17

phil 1879, be appointed a d

to make such settlement,

time all persons interested in

and contest said settlement if

proper.

L. W. CANNON,

Judge.

March 15—3

NEW P

GR O C

The undersigned has opened out near

the depot, a large and varied stock of

Family Groceries, at prices certain to

attract attention. I will also do a

GENERAL COMMISSION

business, both buying and selling at reason-

able commission rates. I will also sell the

Standard Sewing Machine,

delivered in Jacksonville for \$20 cash. It

is one of the best machines now in use, and

has more attachments than belong to any

other machine. See Sign near depot of

W. BREWTON,

Jacksonville, Ala.

March 27—3t.

## NOTICE.

STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County,

Probate Court for said County.

Special Term, March 29 1879.

This day came C. W. Brexton county

administrator and the administrator of

the estate of John Maddox, deceased,

and filed his petition in writing and un-

der oath, praying an order of sale of cer-

tain lands deeded to him, a d belonging

to the said estate, for the purpose of

paying the debts due from said estate.

It is ordered that the 5th day of May

1879, be appointed a day on which to

hear and determine upon said petition;

and that notice thereof be given to

publication in the Jacksonville Repub-

lican, a newspaper published in said

county, for three successive weeks prior

to said day, as a notice to the non-res-

ident heirs at law of said estate (if any) as

well as all persons concerned, to appear

and contest the same if they think prop-

er.

L. W. CANNON,

Judge of Probate.

March 29—3t.

## FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County,

Probate Court for said County.

Regular Term, March 25 1879.

This day came A. J. Bonds administrator

with will annexed of the estate of P. D.

Bonds, deceased and filed his statement,

accounts and vouchers for a final settle-

ment of his administration thereof.

It is ordered by the court that the 5th

day of May 1879, be appointed a day on

which to make such settlement. At which

time all persons interested can appear and

contest the said settlement if they think

proper.

L. W. CANNON,

Judge of Probate.

March 22—3t.

## 45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternately with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone some thing which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning; and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

## AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL. For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine is never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane spelled differently but same transmutation.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane spelled differently but same transmutation.

WM. W. HARRISON,

Physician & Surgeon,







from the Honorable Thurlow Weed

ENDORSED BY DR. RADWAY'S R. R. REMEDIES  
AFTER USING THEM FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1897.

DEAR SIR.—Having for several years used your medicines, do not deny at first, but after experiencing their efficacy, with full confidence, I feel less a pleasure than a duty to thank you for the knowledge of the advantage we have derived from them. The pills are resorted to as often as occasion requires, and always with the desired effect. The Kidney Relief can be better described than it is by its name. We apply it liberally frequently and freely, almost continually finding the promised "Relief." (signed)

DR. RADWAY. THURLOW WEED.

**R. R. R.**  
**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
CURES THE WORST PAINS  
in from One to 20 Minutes,  
NOT ONE HOUR  
After reading this advertisement need any one  
SUFFER WITH PAIN?  
Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for  
EVERY PAIN. It was the first and is  
**The Only Pain Remedy**  
that instantly stops the most excruciating  
pains, all kinds of inflammation and cures Coughs,  
Croup, Whooping Cough, Lung, Stomach, and  
all other glands or organs, by one application.  
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES  
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain,  
the RHEUMATIC, Red-ridden, Incurable, Clipped,  
and all other Neuritic and Gonorrheal pains.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,  
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,  
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,  
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,  
URINE THICK, DIFFICULT PASSING,  
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,  
DYSPEPSIA, CRUET, DYSPEPSIA,  
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,  
RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, INFLUENZA,  
COLD CHILLS, AGUE, CHOLERA,  
CHILDREN AND FROST-BITES.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the  
part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists  
will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of  
 water will in a few moments cure Orange,  
 Peppermint, Sour Stomach, Cholera, Sick Head-  
 ache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the  
 Stomach and Intestines.  
 Travelers should always carry a bottle of  
 Dr. Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few  
 drops in water will prevent sickness or relieve  
 any change of wind. It is better than French  
 Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

**FEVER AND AGUE.**  
 Fever and Ague cured for Fifty cents. There  
 is not a remedial agent in the world that will  
 cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarial  
 Fevers, Scourge Typhoid, Yellow and other  
 fevers (about by Radway's Pills) so quick as  
 DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cts. a bottle.

**Dr Radway's**  
**Sarsaparilla Resolvent,**  
**THE GREAT BLADDER PURIFIER,**

**FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,**  
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR  
CONTAGIOUS.

is absorbed in the Lungs or Stomach, Skin or  
Bones, Flesh or Nerves, corrupting the  
solids and vitiating the fluids.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular  
Swelling, Haemlog or Nodules, Cancerous Affec-  
tions, Syphilitic Complaints, Eczema of the  
Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, The botch or  
White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and its

**Liver Complaint, &c.**

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent exceed all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Excessuous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

**Kidney & Bladder Complaints,**

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the excretor has thick, white, or milky urine, or the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bluish appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing urine, or pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

**OVARIAN TUMOR**

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED BY DR.  
RADWAY'S REMEDIES.  
Dr. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street,  
NEW YORK.

---

DR. RADWAY'S  
Purifying Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. **Rowley's Pills** for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Urinary Organs. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a permanent cure. Very cheap. Beware of imitations.

ing to observe the following symptoms of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Stomach, Belching, Acidities, of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Discomfort of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurrled and Dilated Pupils, Heaving, Coughing, Hoarseness, Heart, Choking, Suffocating, Sensations when in a lying posture, or Webs before the Sight, Fever and the Pain in Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Stomach, Swells, and sudden Flushes of Heat, burning of the face.

Read "False and True,"  
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO.,  
100 Warren Street, New York.  
Information worth thousands will be sent you.


HOW TO ADVERTISE  
WHEN TO ADVERTISE.

WHERE TO ADVERTISE.  
See PETTINGILL

WHOM TO ADVERTISE THROUGH.  
See PETTINGILL

GO TO 37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
See PETTINGILL

**MEN and WOMEN wanted everywhere**  
for the greatest **MONEY MAKING** business of the day.  
\$1 to \$2 per hour. Easily made in any  
locality. Will prove it to the foreign  
\$500. Goods entirely new. Samples free; write at once.  
**WILDES & CO., Boston, Mass.**





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Half column six months \$35.00

Half column twelve months \$45.00

Column three to six months \$50.00

Column six months \$60.00

Column twelve months \$70.00

A. WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

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REPUBLICAN OFFICE

## PARTED.

The dying day.  
Wrapped in its sunset banners lay  
Fading, fading.  
Wordless both, we watched its going.  
Coldness on our two hearts snowing;  
Silence out of all growing,  
Shading, shading.  
All our lives with its chill flowing.  
Parted forever.  
We stood together  
Among the fields of purple heather!

There, side by side,  
We saw the sweet day when it died  
Sadly, sadly.  
We heard the songs of twilight birds,  
The tinkling bells of twilight herds,  
All things save one another's words  
Gladly, gladly,  
Bridging the tide that true love fords.  
Parted forever.  
We walked together  
Among the blooms of purple heather!

We heard the hum  
Of evening hidden minstrels come  
Creeping, creeping,  
From bill-top, tree-top, shore and stream  
As if on silence found a theme  
In evening's loveliness supreme.  
Weeping, weeping,  
Our souls awakened from life's best dream.  
Parted forever.  
We passed together  
Over the blooming waves of heather!

Our hearts were numb,  
Our passionate lips were stricken dumb—  
Throbbing, throbbing,  
Our burning pulses shook their tears  
Across the forgotten years  
Of tender hopes and slumbering fears.  
Lobbing, lobbing,  
Life of all that life endears—  
Parted forever.  
We crossed together  
The billowy blooms of purple heather!

A reaving band,  
A backward glance along the sand—  
Parted, parted.  
Two forms which never met again,  
Two agonized hearts that hid their pain—  
Fried stabbed our love and it was slain!  
Frozen-hearted,  
Two God-bound lives, rough-vent in twain!  
Parted forever.  
No more together  
We cross the seas of fragrant heather.

## Long Afterwards.

"Your coldness hurts Mrs. Lincoln," said one lady to another.  
"I'm sorry," answered Mrs. Arnold, the lady to whom the remark was addressed; but the admission of a regret was not made with any feeling.  
"Why do you treat her with such distant reserve, Mrs. Arnold? I've noticed this a number of times. She's a lively character—so intelligent, so refined and with such a sweet spirit toward every one. The fault must be in yourself if there is any natural repulsion."  
It was an intimate friend who spoke, and the closing sentence was uttered with a smile.  
"In that you may be right," said Mrs. Arnold, half smiling in return.  
"Then there is a certain repulsion?"  
"Yes."  
"I call that singular. To me it seems that you were born friends. Your tastes and sympathies run in the same direction, and you are interested in the same general subjects. I am sure, if you knew each other as well as I know you both, you would become closely knit in friendship. I must get you into a closer acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln."

"I would prefer remaining at my present distance," replied Mrs. Arnold.  
"I am surprised to hear you speak so decidedly. Mrs. Lincoln admires you; I've heard her say so, often; and she desires to know you more intimately than she now does."  
"That she never will!" and Mrs. Arnold's brow began to gather darkness.  
"What's the matter? What do you know about Mrs. Lincoln that sets her beyond the limit of your friendly acquaintance?"  
"The truth is," said Mrs. Arnold, "I've got a grudge against her. There was a time when it would not gratify her social pride to call me her friend, and she treated me accordingly. She was a woman when I was a child."

"Well, go on."  
Mrs. Arnold had paused, for she was conscious that her cheeks were burning, that her voice was losing its steadiness of tone. At length she said:  
"There may be pride and weakness in the case; but no matter! Thus it stands: I was a quick, intelligent child, but very sensitive. Mrs. Lincoln visited my mother, and I often met her in the parlor when company was present. I was really fascinated with her; and I thought her the loveliest lady I had ever seen. One day when she was at our house I sat listening to the conversation that was passing between her and some friend of my mother's; and Mrs. Lincoln, in speaking of prevalent human weakness, quoted a couplet from Pope:

"The love of praise, however concealed by art,  
Rules, more or less, and governs every heart."  
Now, I had read largely in Pope, and held in memory a great many of his terse maxims. Every word of this couplet was familiar, and my ear instantly detected one wrong word in the quotation. In my childish ardor and artlessness, I said, looking into Mrs. Lincoln's face, "It is *reigns*, ma'am. Her eyes burned, flashing on me, in an instant, and with an angry face she said, 'You've forgotten yourself, Miss Pert, children should be seen, not heard.' She never saw nor heard me in the parlor again. I went out with hot cheeks and a heart full of pain and

bitterness. I was sensitive to a fault, and this rebuke so unjustly given, hurt me to a degree that few would imagine. I feel it still and it has been over twenty years since the slight occurrence. My pride was deeply wounded. It has so happened that since I became a woman, Mrs. Lincoln and I have, until recently, moved in entirely different circles. I grew up out of her observation and married. It is more than probable that she has entirely forgotten the incident which burnt itself into my childish memory; may not even remember me as the daughter of her old friend; but I have not forgotten, and can never forget; she pushed me away from her once; but she will never have a second opportunity."

"The child's resentments should not accompany into after life the child's memory," said the friend, as Mrs. Arnold ceased. Mrs. Lincoln spoke from a sudden sense of wounded pride, and no doubt repented the next calm moment. Your mature reason, your observation, and your acquired self-knowledge, should set you right in this matter."

"I shall let her go her way through the world," replied Mrs. Arnold coldly; "it is wide enough for us both."  
A few days after this conversation, the lady friend who had talked with Mrs. Arnold, was sitting in company with Mrs. Lincoln. Conversation passed from theme to theme, when, at what seemed a fitting moment, the lady said:  
"Do you remember this incident of years ago? You made a quotation from a well-known poet and a little girl corrected you in a single word?"  
"Yes, I remember it very well."  
"And what you said to her?"  
"I do; and as one of the regretted things of my life. She was a dear little girl, sweet-tempered and intelligent—but a trifle forward, and apt to put in a word now and then, in so mature a way, that innocence on her part sometimes seemed like forwardness. Yes; I remembered her correction, and that I lost my temper, and called her Miss Pert. I was sorry and ashamed the next moment. How came you to know of this?"

"I had the story from her own lips," "When?"  
"Only a few days since."  
"And she has carried the memory of that hasty rebuke ranking in her heart ever since?"  
"Ever since," said the lady.  
"Ah, if we could so recall our hasty words as to take away their power to do harm, what a blessed thing it would be! But where is she? I must bring her, if possible, in a better state of mind."  
"You have met Mrs. Arnold?"  
"Mrs. Arnold! Can't be possible! Surely she is not the daughter of my old friend, Mrs. Willis. She is not the little Emily I have thought of so many times and always with a troubled memory."

"The same," was answered.  
"And in all these years she has not forgotten nor forgiven my fault. I must have wounded her sorely."  
"You did. Her's seems to be one of those proudly sensitive natures into which all impressions go deeply."  
"Extraordinary! I could not believe that an impression made on a child's mind would remain in such distinctness and force, through so many years. What a lesson it is!"  
"I wish it were possible for you to get near her, Mrs. Lincoln, and let her feel what a kind heart you have. She has admirable qualities. And I am sure that if this barrier was removed you would be friends."

"Oh, it must be removed," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Now that I know of its existence, I will have no peace until it is leveled with the earth."  
"There's a lady in the parlor," said a servant coming to the door of Mrs. Arnold's room. "And here is her card ma'am."

Mrs. Arnold took the card and read the name of Mrs. Lincoln. She stood for some time irresolute. It was on her lips to say, "Ask her to excuse me; I am engaged." But she was not engaged. And, moreover, since her communication to the friend who had spoken so favorably of Mrs. Lincoln, she had felt less satisfied with herself. It did seem like a vindictive spirit thus to cherish ill-will through so many years.

"Say that I will be down in a few minutes."  
It cost her an effort to utter this; but it was said—the meeting must take place. She sat in a disturbed state for some time, before venturing to go down stairs. Then, with what self-possession she could assume, she went to meet the woman who, twenty years ago, wounded her so deeply, that the pain had not yet died out of her consciousness.

The two ladies stood face to face, and hand in hand. The name of Mrs. Arnold had been spoken warmly; that of Mrs. Lincoln with an almost repellent coldness. There were a few moments of silence. Mrs. Lincoln said, "Your mother was my best friend. I loved her as a sister. Will you not, for her sake, forgive the cruel words that my pride sent thoughtlessly from my lips—words repented of almost as soon as spoken, and regretted many, many times? Oh, if I had dreamed of their power to cut so deeply, I would have sought years ago to repair the wrong." This was unexpected. There was no time to reconstruct the barrier which Mrs. Lincoln had suddenly thrown

down. No time to gather up the broken chain of ill-will and unite the links. The tender and true feelings in Mrs. Arnold's heart responded. She was softened to tears. Her mother's name had touched her like a talisman. "My best friend, I loved her as a sister." These words disarmed her.

"Let the past be forgotten!" she answered resolutely.  
"Forgotten and forgiven both, my dear Mrs. Arnold, so that we both may be friends in the true acceptance of the word. My heart, even without recognizing in you the child of my old friend, has been drawing towards you steadily. It perceived in you something congenial. And now, may I not receive from your lips a kiss of forgiveness?" Mrs. Arnold bent towards her.

"Let it be genuine," said Mrs. Lincoln. And it was. In that kiss the old pain of wounded pride was forever extinguished. How long it had rankled! A single, lasty, ill-spoken word, what years of bitterness may it not give to some weak heart! We fling our hard sentences in the heat of sudden anger, that may hurt like hammer-strokes, and in most cases forget that such blows were given. But they make memory against us retentive by pain."

## On the Stool of Repentance.

Upon the occasion of the installation of the new partner, there was a natural tendency to conviviality. Not that the ceremony in question was attended with any special manifestation on the part of the individuals most concerned. French's appearance at the works was its chief feature, but the day's labor being at an end, several gentlemen engaged in the various departments scintillated to neglect an opportunity, retired to the "Who'd 'a' Thowt it," and promptly rendered themselves insensible through the medium of beer, assisted by patriotic and somewhat involved speeches.

Mr. Briarley, returning to the bosom of his family at a late hour, sat down by his fireside and wept copiously.

"I'm a poor chap, Sarraann," he remarked. "I shall ne'er get took in partner by nobody. I'm not 't' look like some—an' I niver war, 'ceptin' when I gotten thee."

"If 't' had keep thy nose out o' the beer mug 't' do well enow," said Mrs. Briarley.

But this did not dispel Mr. Briarley's despondency. He only wept afresh.  
"Nay, Sarraann," he said, "it is na beer, it's misfortune. I allus war misfortunate—'ceptin' when I gotten thee."

"Things is 't' a bad way," he proceeded, afterward. "Things is 't' a bad way. I niver seed 'em 't' reet leet till I heard Foxey Gibbs mak' a speech to-neer. 'T' more beer he gotten 't' eleyquenter he wur. Theer'll be trouble wi' 't' backbone an' sinoo, if there is na sunnat done."

"What art tha drivin' at?" fretted his wife. "I canna mak' no sense out o' thee."  
"Canna tha?" he responded. "Canna tha, Sarraann? Well, I dunnot wonder. I wur a good bit afore I straightened it out mysen. Happen I hannot gettin' things as they mount be yet. Theer wur a good deal o' talk an' a good deal o' beer, an' a man as has been misfortunate is loike to be slow."

After which he fell into a deep and untroubled slumber, and it being found impossible to rouse him, he spent the remainder of the night in Grassy Dixon's chair by the fire, occasionally startling the echoes of the silent room by a loud and encouraging "Eier, eer!"

## A Fight With a Deer.

A. C. Kepler, of Lancaster, Pa., went out in the Forest county woods with his Remington to hunt deer, and killed a four-pronged buck. The next day he writes: "As my companion and I were surrounding a large swamp, he on one side and I on the other, I saw a large six-pronged buck coming towards me on a full run about three hundred yards distant. I got ready for him, and when he was about seventy or eighty yards distant I gave him the usual 'na' to stop, but it only made him come faster. I blazed away on him on the down jump, when he made a complete somersault and commenced crawling away from me, trailing his hind quarters after him as if his back were broken. I soon got up to him, and, thinking it useless to shoot him again, as I saw the blood streaming from his back down behind, was about to cut his throat, when all at once (his back wasn't broke a bit), in an instant he was on all fours, and in another he was in the air above my head, but somehow or other he landed alongside of me. Quick as thought I jumped back, he hid a little hemlock and fired again at his head, but missed him. He then tried to get at me again, but my breech-loader was too quick for him, as I got a ball into his neck just as he was about to make the spring that straightened his hair completely."

## Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—Exchange.

## Tormented by Debts.

The well-known Trot Cleaver died recently in a Western town possessed of some property, which, although he was reputed to be an idiot, he had earned himself. Trot's brothers were all fitted to enter the professions, while he grew up without any education, and was regarded by the family as a burden to be carried all of his life. The poor fellow was a "half-wit," stuttered frightfully, and squinted with both eyes. He was dressed handsomely, however, and had caught an amazing number of long words. He spent his time on the streets, button-holing gentlemen and relating and relating interminable stories. One day a neighbor, being intolerably bored, shook him off with, "You're a regular leech, Trot! I wish I could fasten myself that way to Boggs, yonder, until I got my money from him."

Trot's eyes slowly lighted into a cunning twinkle. He liked money, and never had any.

"How much d—does he owe—ow—ow—ow?" he stammered.

"Four hundred; but I shall never get it."

"P—pay me g—good p—per—centage if I get it?"

"Of course."

Trot attached himself to the debtor, reasoning, arguing, stuttering, following him up and down through the whole day. The story spread. The victim became the laughing-stock of the town, and finally in desperation paid the debt.

Trot took up the business of collector. Whenever he was seen trotting behind a man or woman, they were pointed out as "bad cases," and the ridicule was so great that very few debtors could bear it. Trot became one of the most successful collectors in the country. A half-crazy creature named Irish North was known twenty years ago as a collector in Philadelphia. When all other means to compel payment failed, North's gaunt, bedizened figure, crowned with a man's hat and plume, would appear before the debtor's door, and there inexorably remain, in rain or sun, until the money was paid. There was certainly a grim poetic fitness in placing at the door of the delinquent a perpetual nightmare to personify debt. Debtors half a century ago in this country were liable to imprisonment until their debts were paid. A little earlier in England they were subjected to incredible cruelties. They were compelled to buy their food from their jailers, and, if penniless, begged through their cell windows the charity of passers-by. At the Fleet Prison they were tortured at the will of the jailer by rack and thumb-screws. Men of noble birth were forced to catch rats for food, and some of the poor wretches were murdered outright. Men need not fancy, however, that the debtor now-a-days lives in Elysium because these outrages are reformed. The man who has black debt sitting on his rack, nor thumb-screw, to make his life miserable.

## General Jackson's Nerve.

When a boy I saw him scare and put to flight twenty thousand men. The occasion was this: Greyhound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterwards matched for \$5,000 a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom course. My uncle, Josephus H. Conn, carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to remain till he returned. In those days not only counties, but States, in full feather, attended the race course as a great national amusement, and the same is still kept up in France and England under the fostering care of each government. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between the States. Horses and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with horses and negroes bet on the result of this race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and, looking down the track, saw, for the first time, General Jackson, riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols held in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter. In his wake followed my uncle Conn, Stokely, Donalson, Patton Anderson and several others as fierce as bull-dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me he said that he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race, that Greyhound was seen in the wheat field the night before, which disqualified him for the race, and that his rider was to receive \$500 to throw it off, and "by the eternal God" he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; that the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious-looking animal that I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of 20,000 people. If they felt as I did every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wanted some lead in their hides to first bring their horses on the track, "for by the eternal" he would kill the first man that attempted to do so. There was no

response to the challenge, and, after waiting some time and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some, that he had acted hastily, without consideration. He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open and was ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. No one appearing, General Jackson introduced the witnesses, proving the bribery of Greyhound's rider, who was to receive \$500 to throw off the race, having received \$250 in advance, and that Greyhound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof and vindicate their innocence. They failing to appear, General Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which, in a few moments, was done in accordance with the facts proved. I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property bet on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said, "Now, gentlemen, go calmly and in order, and each man take his own property." When the word was given the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and, in the struggle to get over, they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned and nearly trampled to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required 2,000 armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood. A certain knowledge that in one event streams of blood would have flowed effected this great and worthy object.

## A New Kind of Steamer.

Trials are about to be made at Marseilles of a vessel on an entirely new principle, propelled without either screw or paddle wheels. The craft is of the dimensions and form of an ordinary tug-boat, and is worked by means of a steam pump of 16 horse-power, with a horizontal tubular boiler. That pump is of enormous power, and draws in considerable quantities of water which, by the force with which it is expelled against the sea at the stern, sends the vessel forward. The ship is furnished with two pairs of tubes, the one acting at the stern and the other at the bow. During the ordinary progress of the boat those in front are closed by stop-cocks, but if occasion arises for making the steamer retrograde, the after tubes are closed, and the others opened. The water to supply the pump is taken from the along-side, but that communication can be closed, and a system of barrels filled with water is provided in the hold to supply the pump in case of any emergency. With this invention, it is said that no vibration is produced, and the machine can easily be transformed into a fire engine by the addition of a suitable supply of hose. Moreover, it can be readily used to prevent another vessel from sinking, when water-logged or leaking, by taking tubes to supply the pump to the ship in distress, and utilizing the water it contains as the means of propulsion, while at the same time towing the disabled craft. The pipes for the ejection of the water are fixed in a direction parallel to the keel, and when at work in no way interfere with the action of the rudder, simply moving the vessel on its course by the resistance the water ejected meets with from the great mass of the surrounding sea. The invention is said to be that of an American engineer, and the steamer is reported to have already made ten knots an hour. The peculiar utility of this boat, if it answers expectations, is for river work, and after the trials at Marseilles it will be again essayed on the Rhone, and other rivers in Europe.

## Curious Reservoirs.

One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahren the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat winds a great goat skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth, then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is hauled aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

There is no advantage to be gained in murmuring or complaining at our lot in life and grove over our hard experience.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

There are some men who are fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light for ever on their legs.

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

It is one satisfaction, failing to find proof, to feel that we are at least free from all ill-deeds.

Oh? how many deeds of deathless virtue and immortal crime the world had wanted had the actor said, I will do this to-morrow.

Old men delight in uttering good precepts—to console themselves for being no longer in a condition to set bad examples.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators.

On the beaten road there is tolerable traveling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable.

We should cheerfully make the best of our situations, remembering that true endeavor achieves success, and noble purpose wins substantial good.

Every man is born for heaven, and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not.








days To one who had fought the war that comes to the poor man's door for many years, he bought teams of fine mules, wagons, a horse and buggy, and


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which draw in from Beaters, Poles, and  
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### TO MY WIFE.

Bewitching wife of mine,  
Darling Nell!  
"Will I love thee all the time?"  
You can tell.  
For my heart's glow with pride,  
When you're seated by my side,  
For my love.

I declare,  
I'm afeard with love's desire,  
Fairer fair:  
All my thoughts to you aspire,  
Just as in those days of yore,  
When we stood upon life's shore,  
Free from care.

As the years roll on space,  
Still I'm thine,  
And gazing in thy face,  
Call me mine:  
Let our rapturous hearts with love,  
Give thanks to him above,  
For all time.

### A Treasury Romance.

Kittie Rayne sat in the veranda and whistled "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," while John Fenwick sat in the parlor and scowled fiercely at the portrait of that young lady hanging over the mantel. But scowling didn't seem to have any effect on the portrait, and his anger seemed to have about as much on the original.

The truth of the matter was, there had been a lovers' quarrel.

They had been engaged for six months. That was a long time for Kittie to keep her flirting propensities in check. But she had done it, and congratulated herself on the victory she had gained. Why is it that just as soon as we think we have ourselves under control, something comes along to tempt us, and in a good many cases we find that we are not masters of ourselves after all. I don't know why it is, I am sure. Kittie didn't either. But just about the time she began to plume herself on her conquest, Carl Davenport came along, and straightway up popped the old penchant for flirting. It seemed to her that she couldn't help flirting with Davenport. He was handsome and jolly, and there was something about him which seemed to dare her. She knew John wouldn't like it, that people would talk, and that her mother would institute a course of daily lectures—but she kept on flirting.

John did care, and by and by he spoke to her about it.

"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick, never!"

"No, I am not jealous," he replied. "But I don't like to see you so thoughtless. Would you like to have me flirt with Miss Powell or Miss Covert as you flirt with Davenport?"

"Oh, I shouldn't care the least in the world," she laughed back. "It's real fun, John. Try it and see."

That was all the satisfaction he got then. By and by he touched on the subject again, and they came near having a lovers' quarrel. But John, who had a holy horror of lovers' quarrels, had the good sense to stop before they got to angry words. But now the quarrel had come in dead earnest. For half an hour there had been a tempest raging in the parlor. Kittie took up her position on the veranda and whistled to show how little she cared, and he scowled. To listen to her, he concluded that at that particular moment her sole object in life was to see how many runs and trills and other embellishments she could get into "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

At length he went out to her.

"I want to come to some understanding in the matter," he said. "I'll tell you what you must do. Either stop flirting with Davenport or—"

"Or break off our engagement, is that it?" she asked, with a half flush in her cheeks.

"Precisely," he answered gravely. "I have borne it as long as I can. If you don't care for him I have a right to insist—"

"You insist?" she cried, with flashing eye. "You insist? I'd have you to understand, John Fenwick, that neither you nor any other man can order me to act according to your sovereign will and pleasure. I shall do as I please, sir."

"Very well," he answered, sternly. "You understand the consequences, then."

"I do," she said, scornfully. "You need not wait for them. You can have your freedom now. Here's your ring; keep it for some woman who will allow herself to be dictated to, and will come and go at your royal will. Good morning, sir."

And then she went in and shut the door in his face. Kittie from behind the curtain saw him go away without once looking back.

"To dare to tell me what I should or must not do!" she cried. "I'll show him!"

By and by better thoughts came to her. "I suppose I was to blame," she said, reluctant to acknowledge it, even to herself. "But he needn't have made a fool of himself by being jealous of me. He ought to have known that I didn't care for the goose of a Davenport, but men can't see an inch ahead of their nose. I'll let him think I'm mad for a while, and when he's had time to get ashamed of himself, I'll come around a little and be good, and everything will turn out nicely."

Kittie's plan was good enough, but it failed to work. When she got ready to take John back into her graces, he had gone away, and she didn't know where.

The days slipped by, and Kittie hoped he would come back or write, but her hope was a vain one. He had evidently taken her at her word, and henceforth they were to be strangers to each other. "And I was the only one to blame," sobbed Kittie. "It was all my doings, and I loved him!"

It was a drowsy summer day. The wind was languid with warmth, and seemed to make the day more depressing in its influence on the brain and body than it would have been if no breath of air had stirred the drooping leaves outside the open window.

Catharine Rayne stood at her desk in the Treasury building at Washington, and went through her work in a mechanical way. It was hard to keep her thoughts on this sluggish afternoon, when everything seemed ready to swoon for want of a fresh breath of coolness to revive it.

A great change had come into her life since she gave back John Fenwick's ring. A sudden collapse of the bank in which their money had been deposited had left her and her mother dependent upon their hands for the bread they must eat and the clothes they must wear. It needed some such blow to bring out the strength of her character.

A friend in Washington had procured her a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and she had come there, bringing her mother, who was little better than an invalid. What she earned was enough to keep them comfortably, and she was thankful for that.

She had grown to be a grave and thoughtful woman. The years had come and gone; she was thirty now, with silver threads beginning to show in her brown hair, and little lines of care about her mouth.

In all these years she had heard but little of John Fenwick. She knew that he was getting to be a prominent man at the West. But that was about all. It had always seemed to her that they would meet again somewhere. Loving him as she had done, she felt what it is to lose and in the bitterest way loss can ever come to us. Ever since they had known her in the Treasury Department she had carried that look of patient sorrow in her eyes.

"I am sure there must be some romance in Miss Rayne's past life," declared Susie Vernon. "I wish I knew what it was."

"She isn't looking at all well lately," said Susie to her neighbor, this drowsy day. "She is overworking herself. She'll be down completely, if she isn't careful."

There was a sound of voices at the door, and one of the Treasury officers came in with some gentlemen. Visitors were so common that no one gave them more than a passing glance as they entered, then work went on as usual.

Catharine did not look up. But she became aware, by some subtle influence, all at once, that some one was watching her. She looked up then, and gave a little cry that was almost a sob.

"Kittie!" It was John Fenwick's voice that spoke. It was his hand that was outstretched in welcome.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for a fellow?" he said, looking down into her face questioning.

"I am glad to see you, John," she said, and then burst into a sudden fit of weeping.

"I have not forgotten you in all these years," he said, gravely. "Do you care for me, Kittie?"

"I never cared for any one else," she said. "I was wicked. I saw it all afterward."

"See here," he said gently, and she looked up and saw the ring she had given him long years ago. "Will you wear it again, Kittie? I have had a lonely life. If you would only wear it—"

She held out her hand. He slipped the yellow circlet on her finger, and then there before many wondering eyes he kissed her. The weariness seemed to have suddenly gone out of her face and life.

And Susie Vernon knew that there had been a romance in Miss Rayne's life, and that this was the best and happiest part of it.

### Snakes and Cold Victims.

The notion is a popular one that snakes never eat what has been killed by their own agency; and, although such a belief is very known to be false by naturalists, yet very few of our hundred and thirty-two species of North American serpents have been proved, by actual observation, to have eaten any animal which they have not captured alive. A writer in the *American Naturalist* communicates the following notes on the feeding habits of the common black snake, a species which has not hitherto been credited with a fondness for cold victims. The writer states that last June he killed a garter snake, and happening to pass the place the next day, he came upon a black snake protruding from its mouth. As the snake killed on the previous day was nowhere to be seen, he suspected the one inside of the black snake to be the same. On moving the garter snake this proved to be the fact, as was evidenced by the wounds he had made on the animal's head and body. The length of the black snake was a little less than three and a half feet, and that of his dinner twenty-two inches.

### Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation. — *Exchange*.

### How Much Weight Will a Chair Bear?

A Chicago father of several attractive girls put fashionable thin-legged chairs in his parlor, and was annoyed by the frequency with which the frail furniture was broken. He asked the girls about it, and one of them, as reported by the Chicago "Tribune," said: "I was sitting in the easy chair by the fire, and Charlie—that is to say Mr. Smith—was sitting on the sofa by the window, when suddenly—crack, down went the little rocking chair that no one was sitting on at all. It must be the poor glue they use, or perhaps it was the frost." The father studied the subject a few days. Then he gave to each daughter a lock of hair, and on each chair riveted a silver plate bearing the words, "Warranted to bear up—pounds." Calling the girls, he said: "Now, if there's any more chairs broken it is because your young men can't do a sum in simple subtraction, or else because they are bent on malicious mischief and destruction of property."

### American Enterprise.

Re recuperative power, the will and the energy to encounter and overcome difficulties, is the leading characteristic of Americans as a people. When sudden disasters come upon them, instead of yielding to depression, they get vigorously to work and the time usually given to lamentation is devoted to the repair of damages and the rebuilding of a better structure upon either physical or financial ruins. Thus have we seen a new Chicago rear its head amid the ashes of a wide-spread and desolating conflagration. The fire swept away the wooden edifices and they were replaced by marble. We have seen, too, in this generation, the greatest civil war of modern times raging over every section of the country. No sooner, however, had the clash of arms ceased than the work of reconstruction was recommenced and wise measures adopted to cement again that Union frayed by our fathers that it might be bequeathed "one and inseparable" to our posterity.

But it is not necessary that we should go so far afield for evidences of the elasticity of the American character. On the 9th of November last a fire broke out in that pioneer and most popular of watering-places, Cape May City, which, in a few short hours, swept away all the large hotels, with a single exception, together with the humbler but handsome cottages inhabited during the summer months by private families. Everywhere the eye turned was one scene of devastation and desolation. To all intents and purposes Cape May City was utterly destroyed.

Under such circumstances what was the action taken by those most deeply interested? Did they idly fold their arms and relinquish all hopes abandoned themselves to despair? This was not the true American spirit. On the contrary, while the embers were still smouldering, they took a calm survey of the entire field. The New Jersey railroad company (operated by the Pennsylvania railroad company) which has already done so much in the way of speedy and safe transportation for that city by the sea, came nobly to the front and offered to deliver building materials either at reduced rates or free of cost. Temporary tracks were built to facilitate the moving of heavy freights. The City Councils agreed to exempt the larger hotels, when rebuilt, from taxation for the term of five years. An impulse was thus given to the work of reconstruction and the following improvements having been commenced will be completed in time for the present season.

The new Congress Hall, a brick structure of 200 rooms, about half the capacity of the former building. It is four stories high, the upper being mansard roof. It extends 100 feet eastward west, and 200 feet north and south, located fifty feet farther on the lawn, and the west wing being much nearer the sea than formerly, the end being opposite the West End House on Congress street, but only extending half across the lawn. Washington street is to be cut through from Perry to Congress, and the office, main entrance, etc., is on Washington street. The kitchens, etc., are one story and placed on Perry street, half-way between the former hotel office and the sea.

Mr. Geo. Fryer's cottage, foot of Perry street, is up and the third story joist crossed. It is being weather-boarded. The Avenue House of Mrs. Michael Biern, in front of Fryer's, is having the basement dug, and will go up at once, to be done by May 15. Mr. Doughty is still to conduct it. King's cottage, foot of Jackson street, is partly raised and joist laid. He is excavating cellars on Decatur street, where the cottages were burned there. Victor Denizov is raising his house at the foot of Decatur street. It is much larger than the cottage. Mr. A. McConnell's cottage, half burned, is nearly rebuilt, and Mr. Rudolph's, which was but slightly damaged, is entirely finished. Mr. McConnell will rebuild the house adjoining his, which was wholly consumed.

Mr. Jere E. Meccary is raising his cottage on Jackson street, alongside of the Centre House site. He will not rebuild the Centre. The Stockton bath house site is graded ready for the structures. They and Mr. King's are to be two stories high—a novelty here. On Howland street, Mr. Robb's cottage is up, enclosed and under roof. The Chalfonte addition of 110 feet is drawing to completion. The Whitney cottage, foot of Congress street, is to be converted into a roomy hotel for 200 people. The Stockton House is to have an addition, but ground is not broken for either it or Whitney's yet.

It is said the West Jersey railroad will run its rails to Sea Grove and the steamboat landing this summer. The cross-ties are lying at the creek bridge on Broadway, and stakes are driven across the Mark Devine property and marsh for half a mile. The stake struck the creek half a mile west of the Excursion House, and rumor says it follows the beach after leaving Mark Devine's land. The U. S. authorities will not allow the locomotive to cross near the light-house tower, as the jar will injure the structure. Mr. Nash, of Philadelphia, formerly of the Arctic House here, has the Excursion House this summer.

Mr. Brodsky's summer cottage here has the columns supporting the veranda of both stories, made from the rough trunks of cedars as they grew in the woods, barked, but with the knots prominent where the branches were hewn off. The brackets are formed from the natural branch left on the trunk.

Dr. Emlen Physick's super residence, near Schelleng's Landing, awaits change in the weather to enable the plasterers to proceed with their work. Capt. W. H. Mills is about to rebuild his house, burned January 4th, on Washington street.

The Columbia House will very probably go up again on the lawn close to the sea, strong talk to that effect now pervading the air.

Thus almost before the roar of the flames has ceased there will rise again on the shores of the Atlantic renewed, regenerated, though not a more salubrious or popular Cape May.

### Executive Dinners at Washington.

These dinners are usual excruciating but nobody who is honored by an invitation over dreams of declining, as it is considered in the light of a command from which nothing but sickness or death can excuse one. Generally one is warned long enough ahead not to make other engagements for that particular evening. The Grants usually gave a fortnight's notice, but the Hayes family deem a week sufficient. The invitations are printed on a sheet of large, square note paper, neatly plain and white, except that the United States coat-of-arms and motto, in gold, appears at the head of the sheet. It reads thus: "The President and Mrs. Hayes request the pleasure of company at dinner on Thursday evening, Feb. 13th, at 7 o'clock." A description of one of these occasions serves for all the rest that are given during the same Administration, except that an entirely different set of faces appears each time around the board, the object being to invite at least once during a season every one entitled to the courtesy. The Executive Mansion is always brilliantly lighted and profusely ornamented with flowers, the great east room and all the parlors and conservatories being thrown open, and the marine band stationed in the entrance hall, opposite the state dining-room. The big mirror which has been in use so many years and reflected so many strange faces and changing costumes is placed down the centre of the table, its frame wreathed with flowers and vines, which are carried up on invisible wires to the crystal chandeliers above. Sometimes the famous Hawthorne vase is set in the centre of the mirror, and sometimes a pyramid of flowers. Blossoms arranged in bouquets or baskets, alternating with dishes of bonbons and fruits, are scattered at regular intervals down the sides of the table and at the head and foot. The dinner cards are of thick, creamy paper, with gilt edged, and bearing the United States shield and coat of arms in gold, raised above the surface. No wine glasses appear, but at each place stands a Bohemian glass water bottle and goblet to match, and a tiny bottle in a silver or crystal vase. It is customary for each guest to carry off his bouquet and dinner card as a memento of the stupendous honor of dining at the White House.

### A Cool, Courageous Man.

General Pasty, of the Royal Engineers, was noted for his bravery and coolness. His patient, conscientious toil at the details of whatever work he undertook, was as remarkable as his courage. He was once experimenting on the strength of cements. A large stone, a ton in weight, had been cemented to another, and both were suspended in the air by means of a clamp inserted in the latter. Pasty, inspecting the joint, looked around above, from below, walking under the mass, and scrutinizing it in every direction. Just as he stepped from beneath the cement gave way, and down fell the heavy block. Without the slightest change of color or tone, he turned to his assistant and said:

"Do you know I call that an extremely unpleasant occurrence. I was just beginning to feel confidence in the cement, but you see I had no ground for satisfaction."

On another occasion he had descended with a junior engineer officer in a diving-bell, to attend some submarine experiment. The chain by which the bell was lowered became entangled with the air tubes and signal line. The snarl of air was stopped and the water slushed, and steadily rose in the bell.

They could not signal to be hauled up, nor could they creep beneath the edge of the bell and rise to the surface, for it rested on the bottom of the sea.

Death appeared inevitable. It was a question of inches as the water rose above the limbs of the officers.

"I confess," said the junior, "I was alarmed. But Pasty never changed a muscle. He continued talking and watching the rise of the water as if superintending an experiment. The water had risen to our breasts, when the men above, receiving no signals, became alarmed, and drew up the bell. I cannot describe my feelings but Pasty took it all as a matter of course."

### The Heavens in March.

During February Saturn appeared at a disadvantage, not only from his increased distance from the earth, but also from having been immersed in the zodiacal light, which, during February and March, always shines with maximum splendor. This light stretches from the horizon to the Pleiades, and on some occasions it has been faintly traced to the eastern horizon. Its cause is a profound mystery to astronomers. It appears to be of nebulous origin, and extends from the sun which occupies its centre, to a distance considerably beyond the earth. Its shape is lenticular, like that of two watch crystals placed together. From a distance equal to the stars, and situated perpendicularly to it, greatest diameter, it would appear as a nebulous star like that in Cepheus, Orion, Eridanus. On the 7th the moon was in conjunction with and three and one-half degrees south of Uranus in the constellation of Leo. Uranus is excellently placed for telescopic observation, and for the benefit of those who may wish to find it, I give its position on the 15th, viz., right ascension 10h. 14m., declination north 11 deg. 47m., or 12m. in time, west, and 1 deg. 51m. north of a fourth magnitude star called Rho Leonis. On the 20th of March, at sunset, the plane of the earth's equator passed through the sun's centre, or, in other words, the sun in its apparent journey northward, crosses the equinox, in common parlance termed "crossing the line." At that moment, north of the equator, winter ends and spring begins, and south of the equator, summer ends and autumn begins. March 20th Mercury will be in perihelion or nearest the sun. His orbit is the most eccentric of all the planets, amounting to one-fifth of his mean distance from the sun, or equal to seven and one-fourth million miles, making the difference between his perihelion and aphelion distance more than fourteen and one-half million miles. This variation of distance is, alone, sufficient to produce one set of seasons, aside from that probably produced by the inclination of equator to the plane of his orbit, of which we know nothing. It is owing to this excessive eccentricity that his elongations vary so widely from a mean value. Whenever a maximum elongation takes place in either of these months he is not a very difficult object to find, if a few precautions are observed. I see no reason, therefore, for believing the oft published statement that Copernicus, with all the efforts he could put forth, was never able to see him. This story, probably, ought to be classified with that of the fall of Newton's apple, and that Sirius was anciently red, and of Galileo's famous utterance, "It does move though." Orion, the gem of the constellations, will be a resplendent object during the month. Though the lustre and configuration of all the stars are slowly changing, and must eventually obliterate every familiar feature of the constellations, yet the change is very slow. The bands of Orion shine upon us as brightly and as lovingly as of old, when Job was asked, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bonds of Orion?" or as they have done in all the by gone ages of geological time.

### A Man Baby.

In the second story of one of the low rickety wooden buildings on the east side of Chatham street in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy or man, 21 years and 6 months old, having been born in 1857, that is, in all respects physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jenn, of 165 Chatham street, industrious French people. The child was born on the 10th of June 1857, and was christened Jule. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children; but at that age he was taken sick with measles, and for six months it was thought he could not live, one childish disease following rapidly upon another. His last ailment and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending physician, and is described by the father as "the English disease." Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped, but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a one year old infant and he weighs 160 pounds. Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything. When he was ten years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed almost 100 pounds. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white











From the Honorable Thurlow

He flew some kind of a flag, but, though I studied it with the glass, I could not make it out. Suddenly the stranger sneered off and kept on after the others. We were going then at the rate of ten knots an hour and soon lost sight of him. When last seen he was heading southwest.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 17th, 1878.  
 Prop's Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Dear Sirs—I have taken two bottles  
 of Allan's Anti-Fat and it has reduced  
 me eight pounds.  
 Very Respectfully,  
 Mrs. J. R. Coles.

For Biliousness with Constipation, take *Hoof-*  
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## Arizona's Stone Walls.

A wonderful place is Tinajas, about 30 miles southeast of Mission Camp. The mountains have a face of hard, smooth granite. All the water falling upon this basin has to flow through nine tanks, one above the other. The lower tanks are of easy access, and are often drained of their contents by men and animals traveling between Yuma and Sonora. The upper tanks are reached by a steep, rocky climb, and are often reached by a steep, rocky climb, and are often reached by a steep, rocky climb.

"Well," said Miss Philena Peck, "I am beat!"

"He never had no judgment in money matters," said the widow Clapp.

"I've thought all along he was living too fast," said Barbara Boyer.

"Those poor little children—what is to become of them?" said Naomi Poole, wistfully.

The next day, the deacon made his appearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in each hand, and one following him, "Miss Peck," said he, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"Yes," said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tuck nails. "If it's your failure as you mean."

"I think of going to California," said the deacon, "to see what I can do, and if in the meantime, you could be induced to give my children a home—"

"Oh, dear no!" said Miss Peck. "I never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you can find some half orphan asylum, or place of that sort, by inquiring around a little."

Miss Peck sat so very upright and glared so frightfully out of her light blue eyes at the deacon that he was fain to beat as rapid a retreat as possible.

He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slip shod servant maid opened it.

"Is Mrs. Clapp at home?" he asked.

A head was thrust over the stair railing and the widow's shrill voice cried out:

"Is that Josiah Grindler, with his swarm of young ones? Tell him I am particular engaged. Do you hear, Betsy?—particular!"

Miss Barbara Boyer was arranging trimmed hats and rolls of bright colored ribbons in her low window as the deacon entered the shop.

"Miss Boyer," said the deacon, "you were ever a genial and charitable soul, it is to you that I trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my fortunes in the Far West."

"I couldn't think of such a thing!" said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial flowers in her confusion. "And I really think, Deacon Grindler, you haven't no business to expect it of me! It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the poor master could do something for 'em or—"

"I thank you," said the deacon with dignity. "I shall trouble neither you nor him."

"Well," said Miss Boyer with a toss of her head, "you needn't fly into a rage, because a neighbor offers you a bit of good advice!"

But Naomi Poole ran out to the little bandstand gate as the forlorn deacon went by.

"Deacon Grindler," he cried, turning rose-red and white by turns, "is this true?"

"About my Mariposa investment? Yes."

"And that you are going to California?"

"I am talking of it," said the deacon.

"Would—could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?" said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her side. "I am very fond of children, and I would take the best of care of them. And you have been so kind to mother and me, Deacon Grindler, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you."

"A poor, soft hearted little Naomi burst into crying."

There was a moisture on the deacon's eyelashes, too.

"God bless you, Naomi!" said he. "You are a good girl—a very good girl."

"And it true?" said Philena Peck.

"Well," said Mrs. Moseley, "it is, and it ain't. He did lose what he invested in them Mariposa mines, but it was only a thousand dollars, and the rest of his money is all right and safe in United States bonds and solid real estate."

"Bless me!" said Barbara Boyer.

"Well, I never!" said the widow Clapp, with a disconcerted countenance.

"And went on Mrs. Moseley, with evident relief in the consternation she was causing, "they are building a new village, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp.

"With no experience whatever!" said Barbara Boyer, scornfully.

"I only hope he won't repent of his bargain," sighed Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repent his bargain."

Applying the Sermon.

The Rev. Mr. Blank, of the Unitarian Church in a neighboring State, preached a sermon a few Sundays since on the importance of saying "No," and in the course of it dwelt impressively on the moral courage required to use that monosyllabic at the right time. After the sermon a collection was taken for a very deserving charity. When the congregation was dismissed the certain man waylaid the pastor in the vestibule, and seizing him by the hand, thanked him effusively for the sermon—one of the most effective he had heard. The pastor modestly replied: "I'm glad you think so, but cannot see why you should."

"Why," replied the man, "when I went into church I was fully determined to give five dollars to that charity, but your sermon impressed me so deeply that I found courage to resist the temptation, and let the plate-passer go by with an emphatic 'No.'"

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Biliousness or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will ruin you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See another column.

## A Land Rich in Wealth.

Major Morris, of California, returned the following answers to questions asked in relation to Alaska.

"What kind of people, Major, are the natives?"

"They are Indians of two classes. The first is the coast savage who lives in villages and subsists by hunting and catching fish. He is partially civilized from intercourse with the whites. He also trades with the tribes of the interior and with the whites."

"Who are the second class of people?"

"They are the interior tribes, of whom little is known. They will allow no white man to enter their domain, and they only trade with the coast Indians. Their country is partitioned off for each tribe. They are warlike, dangerous, and in fact perfect savages. Both classes of Indians are more of an Asiatic type than our red men of the plains, and clearly show their Tartar origin."

"The temperature of Southern Alaska is colder than at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon, and three degrees warmer than at Ottawa. This is owing to the warm current which flows from Japan, known as the Japanese Gulf Stream. Snow is very rarely seen in the streets of Sitka, though in the winter time the snow is not so deep as it is in the interior. The same clothing is worn there as you wear in Washington. The dampness of the air is much more to be feared than the cold. These remarks, however, do not apply to the entire country west of the Aleutian Islands, which is barren and inhospitable."

"Is Alaska a rich country?"

"Yes, the principal one being the Yukon, which flows through Central Alaska and empties into Norton Sound. It has never been thoroughly surveyed, but Capt. Raymond navigated it for 2,000 miles. It is believed to be larger than the Mississippi or the Amazon. It is frozen up in the winter, and its breaking up in spring is a grand and terrific sight. Alaska is full of coal. It can be found cropping out everywhere. But it cannot be utilized because there is so much of it in Washington Territory, which is nearer California and Oregon."

"The best coal for steaming purposes is found near Nainaimo, but anthracite coal is known to exist. The development of the coal is a matter of time, as we have no anthracite coal on the Pacific slope. Gold, silver, iron, copper and platinum have also been found in paying quantities, but none of the mines have ever been prospected or developed, owing to the dangers which miners are subjected to in making explorations. The Indians wear ornaments of gold, and the Indians wear ornaments of gold, and the Indians wear ornaments of gold."

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**WANTED.**—For the purpose of popularizing our wanted column, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

—We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement and make that head, (not to exceed five lines,) to 25 cents; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged. This certainly brings it within the reach of every body who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring a sale at the sale of property advertised, stands to reason. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy.

—The identical article, if he only knew where to find it. If it is advertised, he will know exactly who has it, and thus a trade will be brought about, or if he

**WANTS** an article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payments for every advertisement under the head of **WANTED.**

No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm products—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise in the **WANTED** column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the **WANTED** column, and you will be quickly supplied.

## Wanted

To trade a GOOD buggy for a horse.—Apply to  
**JOE H. PRIVETT,**  
Jacksonville, Ala.

## Dissolution Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing between **J. ROSENBERG & L. SELLER** has this day been dissolved by mutual consent of the parties.

The business will be continued at same place in the name of **L. SELLER.**

**I. ROSENBERG,**  
**L. SELLER.**  
April 17th, 1879.

## Waive Notes at this Office for sale.

Court over.  
Hogs are scarce.  
We have abundant rains.  
Our jail has but few inmates.  
The spring fights have not opened.  
The streets of our town are greatly improved.

The Grand Jury preferred a bill of indictment against **Harve Maddox** for the murder (by poisoning) of her husband **John Maddox.**

The "John Pelham" Rifles will have a shooting match to-day, east of Gen. Burke's.

Our city marshal made but few arrests during the sitting of Court here.

The Circuit Court Room is to have new elevated seats, outside the bar railing. This is a necessity that has long been apparent.

Fancy Ties, Jabots & Ladies kids at Miss Kate Crawford's.

The best Saddles, Bridles and Harness at B. F. Carpenter's.

Laces, Embroideries and Ladies Hats of the latest styles at Miss Crawford's.

A fine assortment of "something to eat" at the Parr's.

Dresses made to order on short notice at Miss Crawford's.

The Parr's keep a large and fresh stock of groceries. They will not be undersold.

A fine lot of Camdies, Froits and Fancy Groceries at Carpenter's.

Flour, Meat, Fish, Sugar &c. at the Parr's.

The Solicitor has kindly handed us a list of cases disposed of during the second week of court, which we lay before our readers this week.

Attention is called to the correction made in the date of the tax sale notice. The sale will take place the 19th day of May.

We direct attention to the new Insurance advertisement of Mr. I. L. Swan in this issue. Mr. Swan represents the best Insurance Companies of the South and is himself a very reliable business man. Parties who desire safe fire insurance need not be afraid to go to Swan.

The Editor has gone to the Tallapoosa river, Cleburne County, for a week's fishing. His "better half" being as dear a lover of the sport as he, goes with him. The trout fishing in the Tallapoosa at this season is said to be very fine. No stream in Calhoun affords such sport with hook and line. It is clear, rapid and cold and is the home of that game fish—the trout. The trout has sent down his very choicest hooks and lines for the occasion, and no doubt the sportsman will be able to give a good report of himself in the capture of "large fry" upon his return. Mr. John M. Caldwell will run the local and editorial departments during his absence.

George White, who has an orchard at the "Vinyard," on the mountain east of Jacksonville, reports his fruit all safe. The plateau along the crest of the mountains around Jacksonville are above the frost line and fruit is never killed there, which "teaches us the important lesson" that if we want a regular and never failing supply of fruit, we must go to the mountain tops for our orchard grounds. Land can be had for the entry of it, and there's more than forty-acre to every inhabitant. In Switzerland the same character of land would bring not less than \$100 per acre. At least that was the price when we were there last

The following are the cases disposed of by the Jury, trials and pleas of guilty during the second week of our Circuit Court. The State vs. Dinah Lewis Grand Larceny; Penitentiary 5 years.

" David Moss, grand larceny, Penitentiary 3 years.

" James Phillips, grand larceny, Penitentiary 5 years.

" Marion Pett, manslaughter, hard labor 3 years.

" William Clark, petit larceny, hard labor 1 year.

" William Crook, burglary, hard labor 2 years.

" Ike Haynes, petit larceny, Penitentiary 5 years.

" Junius Draper, carrying concealed weapons, fine \$50.

" John Roberts, retailing, fine \$100.

" W. H. Smith peddling, fine \$30.

" David Harrow, carrying concealed weapons, fine \$50.

" L. W. Griffin, affray, fine \$5.

" Jas. Hutchinson, petit larceny, fine \$25, and 1 month.

" Matt Clements, mis-trial, carrying pistol.

**NOT GUILTY.**

" Palmer Norrid, distilling—not guilty.

" Temp Mathews, resisting officers—not guilty.

" C. C. Hudson, carrying concealed weapon—not guilty.

**ROME, GA.**  
April 19th, 1879.

Dear Sir,

Will you be so kind as to announce in your columns that the Ga. Teachers' Association will meet in Rome on April 29th, that the teachers of Ga. would be most happy to have a large number of their brethren of Alabama with them.

The railroads will convey teachers to and from Rome for one fair. Ladies will be entertained by private families with out charge and gentlemen will be boarded at our best hotels at the reduced rate of \$1.00 per day.

Any who desire to attend or who wish further information will please address me at Rome. I am Sir,

Yours Truly,  
**S. C. CALDWELL,**  
Vice President, G. T. A.  
Chairman Social Com.

## ALABAMA NEWS.

Fruit is reported to have been killed all over Jackson county.

The Edwardsville jail was broken open and two prisoners escaped.

The store of Jack McKinney, in Limestone county, was robbed of \$170.

The annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Alabama, will be held in Greensboro, beginning on the 14th of May.

Some one broke open the Clerks office in Franklin county and carried off the papers in all cases pending in the circuit court.

Mrs. T. A. Scales, of Sumter county, fell from a gallery and broke her collar bone.

E. Owen was killed at Claiborne last Saturday night by a man named Johnson.

Cicero Reeves was thrown from a mule near Troy, and his left shoulder dislocated.

Miss Sallie Newsom has put three memorial windows in the Episcopal church at Tusculum.

J. J. L. Stewart, tax assessor of Autauga county, has been arrested for charging illegal assessors' fees.

The Asheville Aegis remarks that: We venture to say Springfield has a greater number of beautiful young ladies in it than any other town of its size in Alabama.

Springville has a base ball club.

The St. Clair wheat crop is very promising.

Says the Tuskegee News: We learn that the corn was so much injured by the recent frost in many places, that the ground is being plowed up for a thorough re-planting.

Samuel Showers, aged 89 years, recently walked from Livingston to York.

Coaling station is now a post office with Col. N. D. Johnson postmaster.

Fires in the woods have done a great deal of damage in Henry County.

A barge loaded with staves was wrecked on the Warrior near Demopolis.

Barbour county has nineteen candidates for Probate Judge.

Union Academy, in Blount county, was recently burned.

Burglars have been plying their vocation in Perry county.

While carelessly handling a gun E. McCluskie, of Tallapoosa, shot and killed a child.

The City building in Montgomery is advertised for sale by the United States Marshal.

The La. Fayette Clipper learns that the wheat looks well throughout the county. The late freeze has injured very forward wheat to some extent but not sufficient to damage the yield.

The Tallapoosa Reporter says this is too good to lose. It is well known that since the war, smoke houses have not been extensively used. A friend of ours killed a hog or two last winter and this spring hung the meat and raised a smoke. A neighbor passing discovered the unusual performance, rushed into the yard, and raised the alarm of "fire."

## A MAN 136 YEARS OLD DIES IN JACKSON COUNTY.

According to "Wide-a-wake," the Sand Mountain correspondent of the Citizen, Capt. John Hannah, died on the mountain, and had reached the wonderful age of 136 years, 1 month and 6 days! He was born Feb. 12th 1743, and died March 20th 1879. He served under General Washington during the French war, and obtained the rank of Captain. He knew the great Irish-American orator, Patrick Henry, when he was but a mere boy in Virginia.

Capt. Hannah had never been ill, until he was a century old, and his eye-sight was perfect at the time of his death.

The Butler News says: There is not a capital felony among the 89 cases for trial on the criminal docket. The most important case is for assault with intent to murder.

Not long ago a little daughter of Attorney-General Schoonmaker, of New York, was made seriously ill by wearing colored stockings. Her limbs were covered with blotches caused by the poisonous coloring matter used, and it was a long time before she fully recovered.

In the same town, Rondout, a little bright girl of 11 years, has just died after a month's illness from inflammatory rheumatism caused primarily by the dye used in the colored stockings she wore. The name of the particular color is not given.

Nebraska farmers have still 50,000,000 bushels of corn to send to market, and it is becoming a serious question how to get rid of this great surplus.

Surely Mrs. Amanda Bishop, who died in Norwich, Conn., a few days ago had more than her fair proportion of sorrows. Her husband, a Methodist minister, was fatally stricken with heart disease while preaching; her idolized grandson was killed by an accidental shot; all her property was taken from her by a trusted relative leaving her penniless; and finally her son Wesley confessed complicity in the Cobb murder. Under this last blow her health and spirits broke down completely.

## LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.

STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY.

I, Estate of J. W. Maddox, deceased having been granted to the undersigned, August 15th, 1878, by the Hon. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate, will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

D. J. PRIVETT, Adm.

## SPRINGVALE STOCK FARM.

**JAMES CROOK,**  
—BREEDER OF—  
**Thorough-bred Merino Sheep, Angora Goats, Herd Registered Jersey Cattle, Berkshire and Essex Hogs,**  
**JACKSONVILLE, ALA.**

## ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY.

Circuit Court, Spring Term, 1879.

Daniel D. Draper & Son, Plaintiffs, vs. Jno. H. Silvey, defendant, and A. C. Jones, garnishee.

This day came the plaintiff by attorney, and it appearing to the court that this writ was commenced by attachment, and that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and that his particular place of residence is unknown, and that the attachment was levied by serving a writ of garnishment upon A. C. Jones as garnishee. And it further appearing from the answer of garnishee that John Silvey, and Marsh, Moore & Co., of Alabama, claim some interest in the indebtedness of garnishee to the defendant.

It is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in Calhoun county, Alabama, for four consecutive weeks, notifying the said John H. Silvey of this attachment suit, and requiring him to appear at the next term of this court, to answer plaintiff's complaint. And also the said John H. Silvey, Marsh, Moore & Co., to appear at the next term of this court, and propound their claim, if they have any to the indebtedness of said garnishee, and that this cause be continued.

Wm. P. NOEL, Clerk Circuit Court.

## Why Will You

Allow a cold to advance in your system and thus encourage more serious maladies, such as Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Lung troubles, when an immediate remedy can be so readily attained. *Rosch's German Syrup* has gained the largest sale in the world for the cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung Diseases. It is Dr. Rosch's famous German prescription, and is prepared with the greatest care, and no false lead can be taken. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all kinds of colds, coughs, and lung troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all kinds of colds, coughs, and lung troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all kinds of colds, coughs, and lung troubles.

Large size 75 cents. Try it and be convinced.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

## A GREAT Break Down In Prices.

The Parrs are reducing their prices every day: they are buying their Goods cheaper; and consequently they are able to sell them lower.

## Go to Parrs TO BUY YOUR GOODS.

They pay cash for what they buy, and can sell lower than those who buy on time. They are offering clear side meat from 61 to 75c per lb. lard from 9 to 12c; Coffee 16 to 18c per lb. Sugar 11 to 12c per lb. Garden Seeds of all kinds at COST! Mackerel and White Fish in abundance. Five hundred pounds of Sole & Upper Leather at Tanners' prices. Large lot of

## TIN WARE

lower than ever sold before. Jug and Jar ware at 12c per gallon.

## Taxes all off

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Sets per lb lower than ever before.

## SOMETHING STRANGE!

The Parrs have got

## MEAL!

And will keep it constantly on hand in the future.

## Why Do You Grumble

about your Flour.

Go to Parrs and get the very best, and the good will will not make a *Wag* Face at you about it.

As all stories must have an end—so do ours, and we end by saying that we sell as good goods as any one, and more of them than any one for the **MONEY.**

## ED. G. CALDWELL,

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Cheating and Smoking TOBACCO, including the popular *Swan* brand, and the celebrated *Durham* brand. Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in town. Among his brands you will find the *Solace*, *Margaret*, *Royal*, *Standard* and the favorite *Tidal Wave*.

Chocolate, Cane, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods.

ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Cheep Groceries for Cash** at the old Forney Corner.

**Fresh Lard at** ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Fresh Meat at** ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towens patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new **Tin Ware** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1 00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1 00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

## NOTICE TO STOCK-HOLDERS

of Calhoun College.

Pursuant to a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Calhoun College, at a meeting held in Jacksonville, Saturday the 8th day of March 1879, the original stock-holders in said College are requested and notified to meet in convention in Jacksonville, at the college house, 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday May 2, 1879, for the purpose of ratifying important business, affecting the title of said college building and grounds.

Wm. H. FORNEY, Pres. Board Trustees.  
Wm. H. HAMES, Secy.

March 15—2m

## HEEDSWAN, IDEAN & CO.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

**DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, HARD WARE, QUEENS WARE, DRUGS, &c.**

In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the **VERY BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.** TRY us and see if you can't get **BETTER BARGAINS** than you can get elsewhere. We have the **LARGEST AND BEST** assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA.

**THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON** on the market, sold by us.

## ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS.

**JONES & EDMUNDSON, AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE & GRANITE.**

And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones.

ROME, GEORGIA.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

## INSURANCE.

The undersigned is Agent for (4) four good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit:

GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.  
HOME PROTECTION " " HUNTSVILLE, ALA.  
CENTRAL CITY " " SELMA, ALA.

COLUMBIAN INS. & BANKING CO., COLUMBUS, MISSS.

**It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.**

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me in JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails.

I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.

I. L. SWAN, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

April 26th, 1879—1 y

## R. T. HOYT, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,

NO 42 BROAD STREET, ROME, GA.

**WILL SELL clover & grass seed**

TO THE FARMERS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Send for Price List and Descriptive Catalogue.

R. T. HOYT, WHOLESALE DEALER. ROME, GA.

## POSTPONED.

TRUST SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee by John Maddox and Jonathan Phillips on the 10th day of April, 1878, to secure J. R. Loyd in the payment of a certain promissory note there in mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, in Book "H" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds on pages 178 and 179, on the 17th day of May 1878, I will as Trustee for said, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house, door, in a town of Jacksonville in said county, on the day of

1879, the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

All that tract or parcel of land in the west half of South west quarter and South east fourth of South west quarter of Section 25, Township 13 and Range 7, also a part of North east quarter of North west half of Section 2, Town ship 14, Range 7, commencing at the half mile stake on North side of said Section running thence south one quarter thence West a great variety of land to a corner, thence North to a line stake on Section line, thence back to the beginning corner and situated in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Said Real Estate will be sold to satisfy said promissory note described in said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 25th, 1879.

G. W. LOYD, Trustee.

Jan. 25—3t.

## CITY BAR!

J. N. O. RAMAGNANO,

the proprietor of the above named popular Bar, has recently received a new invoice of first class goods in his line, embracing Fine Whiskies, Brandy, Gin and Rum.

All kinds of wines, including White for SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES.

Segars, Tobacco, etc. etc. All at reasonable prices for cash. Good pure goods!

A splendid new Monarch Billiard Table has been added to his billiard room, making it one of the most pleasant resorts in town.

Good order preserved. Feb. 15—2m.

## GUANO

AT OLD PRICES.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the farmers of Calhoun and surrounding counties, that he has ready for delivery

**SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO**, which he will sell at the rate of one ton for \$50.00 less middling cotton, delivered Nov. 1st, 1879. Also Acid Phosphate for composting, at cheap rates. Call on J. D. HAMMOND, Jacksonville Ala.

## PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county—

Special Term, March, 17th 1879.

This day came Elijah W. Teague, and produces and filed in court a paper writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Philip Teague deceased, and moves the court to admit said will to probate.

It is therefore ordered that the 14th day of April 1879, be set for hearing the said application; and that notice be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day as notice to Lillie M. Evans, Sarah A. Kelley and Lurana J. Brock, who are alleged to have next kin to the deceased, and who are non-residents of the State of Alabama, to be and appear at a Regular Term of said court on said 14th day of April 1879, and show if anything they have to allege why said will should not be admitted to Probate.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

March 23—3t

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For all the purposes of a Family Physician, and for curing Constipation, Jaundice, Indigestion, Piles, Gravel, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Albumin, Hemorrhoids and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Worms, Nourishment, as a daily purgative, for purifying the blood.

are the most effective and economical purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation. They move the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle, they are not to be despised in any operation.

They are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the system, in small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

Ayer's Pills have been known for more than a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct disordered action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are composed of the most substantial ingredients, their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also the most dangerous and serious diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their operation, they rid the system of the griping mucus that the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious ingredients, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any condition.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.; Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

W. M. NISBET, Agent; Sep 21 '78 ly Jacksonville, Ala.

## MARRIED BUTTS



DE 8

Dep. March 31.  
 1874.

**THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE**  
**"Vibrator" Threshers,**  
 WITH IMPROVED  
**MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,**  
 And Steam Thresher Engines,  
 Made only by  
**NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,**  
**BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

[illegible]

JOHN WANAMAKER

Mourning Goods.  
Ladies & Children's Suits  
Shawls & Cloaks.  
Ladies' Furnishing Goods.  
Jewelry and Clocks.  
White Goods and Laces.  
Notions, Zephyrs, etc.  
Ribbons, Ties, etc.  
Cloths and Cloakings.  
Furs and Military.

Men's & Boys' Suits  
Rabber G. Out. Treats.  
Lithos, Pictures, Etc.  
Men's & Boys' Clothing.  
Gent's Furnish'g Goods.  
Men's and B. F. Hats.  
Stationery & Silvers.  
Children's Clothing.  
China and Glass.  
Toys and Games.

Write postal card for samples or prices of anything desired. Register all letters containing money. Many Bargains may be secured now, between our sons Address

**JOHN WANAMAKER,**  
GRAND DEPOT,  
PHILADELPHIA.

W en Trade is Dull, Judiciary  
Advertising Sharpens It.

**HOW** TO ADVERTISE  
See **PETTENGILL**

**WHEN** TO ADVERTISE.  
See **PETTENGILL**

**WHERE** TO ADVERTISE  
See **PETTENGILL**

**WHOM** TO ADVERTISE THROUGH  
See **PETTENGILL**

**GO** TO 37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK 5.4.  
See **PETTENGILL**

**LANDRETH'S' SEED**

ARE THE BEST  
D. LANDRETH & SONS 21 & 23 S. SIXTH  
PHILADELPHIA.

**HOP BITTERS.**  
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)  
CONTAINS  
HOPS, RUCHU, MANDRAKE  
DANDELION,  
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES  
OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

**THEY CURE**  
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Head, Liver,  
Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness,  
Indigestion and Spasms of the Stomach.

**\$1000 IN GOLD.**  
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or bleed  
for anything impure or injurious found in the  
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try  
before you sleep. Take one other.  
Hop Cough Cure is the gentlest, safest and  
Ask Children  
The Hop Pan for Stomach, Liver and Kidney  
superior to all others. Ask Druggists.  
D. I. C. is an absolute and irrefragable  
Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.  
Send for circular.  
All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Portland, Me.  
All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Portland, Me.

**Importers of Diamonds**  
**AND**  
**Manufacturers of Spectacles.**  
613 Sansom Street, Philadelphia  
Illustrated Price List sent to the trade  
on application.

[illegible]

**LETH & SONS,**  
Street, **PHILADELPHIA.**  
card stating whether market-gardener,  
tain our publications free of charge.